

GREENES

Neuer too Late. †

BOTH PARTES.

Sent to all youthfull GENTLEMEN,
deciphering in a true English Historie, those
particular vanities, that with their Frostie va-
pours, nip the blossomes of euery braine,
from attaining to his intended
perfection.

As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice stone,
apt to race out idlenesse with delight, and
folly with admonition.

By ROBERT GREENE, Inartibus
Magister.

Omne in his punctum.



LONDON,

Printed by William Stacks for Iohn Smithwicke, and are to be
sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Churchyard in Fleet-
streete vnder the Diall. 1631.



To the right Worshipfull, Tho. Barnaby,
Esquire : Robert Greene wilheth in-
crease of all honourable vertues.



Vch (right worshipfull as courted to decke the Temple of Del-
phos, adorn'd the shrine either with greene Bayes, or curious in-
struments, because *Apollō* did as well patronise Musicke, as Poe-
trie, when the *Troians* sought to pacifie the wrath of *Pallas*, the
peoples presents were Books and Launces, to signifie her Dei-
ritie as well defended by letters, as Armes. And they which desired to be in the
fauour of *Alexander*, brought him either wise Philosophers, or hardy Souldi-
ers: for he sought Counsellors like *Aristotle*, and Captaines like *Perdiccas*.
Seeing then how gifts are the more gratefully accepted, by how much the
more they fit the humor of the partie, to gratifie your Worship with somthing
that might signifie, how in all bounden duty I haue for sundrie fauours been
affected to your worship: and finding my abilitie to be vnfit to present you
with any thing of worth, at last I resolued so farre to presume, as to trouble
your Worship with the Patronage of this Pamphlet, knowing you are such a
Mecenas of learning, that you will as soone vouch with *Augustus* a few verses,
giuen by a poore Greeke, as of the Arabian Courser, presented by *Titinus*.
The Booke is little, yet drawne from a large principle: *Nunquam sera est ad bo-
nos mores via*. Wherein I haue discovered so artificially the fraudulent effects
of *Pennis* trumperies, and so playnely, as in a Plat-forme layd open the prei-
udiciall pleasures of loue, that Gentlemen may see, that as the Diamond is
beauteous to the sight, end yet deadly poyson to the stomacke: that as the *Sa-
zan* leafe containeth both the Antidote, and the Aconiton: so loue (vnlesse
onely grounded vpon vertue) breedeth more disparagement to the credit,
then content to the fancie. If then (right Worshipfull) out of this confused
Chaos Gentlemen shall gather any principles, whereby to direct their affi-
ons, and that from rash resolute maintainers of *Pennis* heresies they become
reformed Champions to defend *Versa* Philosophies, then all the profit and
pleasure that shall redound to them by this Pamphlet, shall be attributed to
your Worship, as to the man, by whose meanes this *Nunquam sera* came to
light. Hoping therefore, your Worship will with a fauourable insight, enter
more into the minde of the giuer, then the worth of the gift, I commit your
Worship vnto the Almighty.

Your Worships humbly to command,

Robert Greene.

A 2

To



To the Gentlemen Readers.



Vch (Gentlemen) as had their eares fild with the harmony of *Orpheus* Harpe, could not abide the harsh musicke of *Hiparchions*, pipe, yet the *Theſſalians* would allow the poore Fidler licence to frolicke it among Shepheards. Though no pictures would goe for currant with *Alexander*, but such as paſt through *Apelles* penſil, yet poore men had their houſes shadowed with *Phidias* courſe colours. *Ennius* was called a Poet as well as *Virgil*, and *Vulcan* with his polt foot friſkt with *Venus* as well as *Aſius*.

Gentlemen, if I preſume to preſent you, as hitherto I haue done, with friuolous toies: yet for that I ſtretch my ſtrings as I can, if you praife me not with *Orpheus*, hiſſe me not with *Hiparchion*: If I paint not with *Apelles*, yet ſcrape not out my ſhadowes with diſgrace: if I ſtirre my ſtumps with *Vulcan*, though it be lamely done, yet it is a dance: ſo if my *Nunquam* ſera pleaſe not, yet I pray you paſſe it ouer with patience, and ſay, tis a booke.

So hoping I ſhall find
you as euer I haue
done, I end,

Rob. Greene.



A Madrigall to wanton Louers.

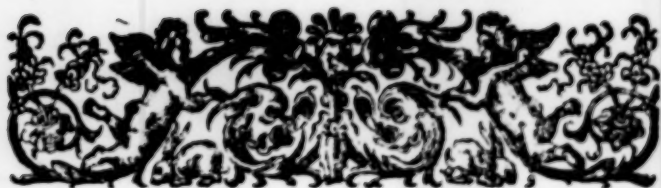
YOU that by *Alcidalions* siluer brookes,
Sit and sigh out the passions of your loues,
That on your Goddesse beauties feed your lookes,
And pamper vp sweet *Venus* wanton doues,
That seeke to sit by *Cupids* scorching fire,
And dally in the fountaine of desire:

You that account no heauen like *Venus* sphere,
That thinke each dimple in your Mistrisse chin
Earths Paradise, that deeme her golden haire,
Tresses of blisse wherein to wander in:
That sigh and court suppliant, all to prooue
Cupid is God, and ther's no heauen but loue:

Come see the worke that *Greene* hath sily wrought,
Take but his *Nunquam sera* in your view,
As in a mirrour there is deeply taught,
The wanton vices of proud fances crue:
There is depainted by most curious art,
How loue and folly iump in euery part.

There may you see repentance all in blacke,
Scourging the froward passions of fond youth,
How fading pleasures end in dismall wracke,
How Louers toyes are tempted all with ruth.
Sith then his *Nunquam sera* yeelds such gaines,
Reade it, and thanke the Author for his paines.

Ralph Sidney.



Sape etiam hortulanus vir valde opportuna locutus est.

IF *Horace* Satyrs merit mickle praise,
For taunting such as liu'd in *Paphos* Ile,
If wise *Propertius* was in elder dayes,
Laureat for figuring out fond *Venus* wile:
If *Rome* applauded *Onids* pleasing verse,
That did the salues that medicine loue reherse

Then English Gentles stoope and gather bayes,
Make Coronets of *Floraes* proudest flowers,
As gifts for *Greene*; for he must haue the prayse,
And taste the dewes that high *Parnassus* showers,
As hauing leapt beyond old *Horace* straine,
In taunting Louers for their fruitlesse paine,

His *Nunquam* for a more conceits combines,
Then *Onid* in his art did paint,
And sharper saryres are within his lines,
Then *Martiall* lung proud *Venus* to attaine:
Reade then his art, and all his actions proue,
There is noe folly like to foolish loue.

Rich. Hake Gent.



Greenes *Nunquam sera est.*

Being resident in *Bergamo*, not farre distant from Venice, sitting vnder a cole shade that the shadowed me from the extreme violence of the meridianall heat, having neuer a booke in my hand to beguile time, nor no pathetickall impression in my head to procure any secret meditation, I had that safne into a slumber, if I had not espied a traueller weary and desolate to haue bended his steppes toward s me. Desirous to shake off drowynesse with some company, I attended his arriual: but as he drew nere, he seemed so quaint in his attire, and so conceited in his countenance, as I deemed the man either some penitent Pilgrime that was very religious, or some despairing liuer that had bene too affectionate. For take his description.

An Ode.

Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Bagge and Bottle at his backe;
In a surcoat all of gray,
Such were Palmers on the way;
When with scrip and staffe they see
Iesus graue on *Caluerie*;
A hat of straw like a swaine,
Shelter for the sun and raine,
With a Scallop shell before:
Sandals on his feete he wore:
Legs were bare, armes vnclad:
Such attire the Palmer had.
His face faire like *Tisanes* shine,
Gray and buxome were his cyne,
Whereout dropt pearles of sorrow,

Such

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Such sweet teares loue both borrow,
When in outward dewes she plaines
Harts distresse that Louers paines:
Rubic lips, cherrie cheekes,
Such rare mixture *Venus* seekes,
When to keepe her Damsels quier,
Beautie sets them downe their Diet.
Adam was not thought more faire;
Curled locks of amber haire:
Locks where loue did sit and twine
Nets, to snare the gazers cine:
Such a Palmer ne'e was seene,
Lesse Loue him-selte had Palmer beene.
Yet for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage raine.
Midst the riches of his face,
Griefe deciphred high disgrace:
Euery step strain'd a teare,
Suddaine sighes shew'd his feare:
And yet his feare by his sight,
Ended in a strange delight:
That his passions did approue,
Weedes and sorrow were for loue.

Thus attired in his traouling robes, and leueld out in the
lineaments of his physnomy, (not seing me that lay close in the
thicket) he sate him downe vnder a Birch tree, where after he
had taken vp his scate, with a sigh, he began thus to paint out
his passions.

Unfortunate Palmer, whose wordes discover thy woes
whose lookes thy sorowes, who sighs thy repentance: thou
wonderest to bewaile thy sin, that heretofore hast not wondered at
the greatnesse of sin, & sarest now by the sight of a strange land,
to satisfie these follies committed in thy native home. Why, is
there more grace in the East, then in the West: Is God more
gracions in Iewrie, then mercifull in England more fauourable
to Palmers for their trauel, then pitifull to sinners for their pe-
nances? No, be not so superstitious, lest thou mensuring his fauor
by

The first part.

by circumstance, hee punish the fault in severity. Ah but the deepest vicers haue the deepest corrasines: some sores cannot be cured but by *sublimatum*, and some offences, as they beginne in content, so they end in sacke-cloth. I weare not this Palmers gray, to challenge grace, nor seeke the holy Land, to counterwaile the Law, nor am a Pilgrime, to acquittance sinne with penance: but I content me in this habite, to shew the meeknes of my heart, & trauel through many Countries, to make other men learne to, beware by my harmes. For if I come among youth, I will shew them, that the sweetest buds are soonest nipt with frosts; the sweetest flowers, soonest eaten with Cankers, and the ripest and yongest witte, soonest overthrowne with follies. If I chance among Courtiers, I will tell them, that as the starre Antophylis is brightest, yet setteth soonest: so their glories being most gorgeous, are dasht with sodaine overthrowes. If amongst Schollers, I will proue, that their Philosophicall axioms, their quiddities of Logick, their aphorismes of Art, are dissolved with this definite period, *Omnia sub sole uanitas*. If among Louers (and with this the teares fell from his eyes, and th sighes flew from his heart, as if all should split againe :) If quoth he, (and he doubled his words with an Emphasis) I fall amongst Louers, I will dictpher to them, that their god is a boy, as fond as he is blind: their Goddesse a woman, inconstant, false, flattering, like the windes that rise in the shoares of Le-panthus, which in the morning send forth gulls from the North and in the evening, calmes from the West: that their fancies are like Aprill showres, begun in a Sun-shine, and ended in a storme: their passions darpe hell, their pleasures Chimeraes portraictures, sodaine loves that appearing like Iuno, are nothing when Ix'on toucheth them, but dusky and fading cloudes.

Where he stopped, and tooke his scrip from his backe, and his bottle from his side and with such eatables as he had, as Lemons, Apricockes, and Olives, hee began a Palmers barquet: which digesting with a cup of wine well tempered with water, after euery draught, he sighed out this, *Nunquā sera est ad bonū morē.* When he had taken his repast: casting vp his eyes to heauen as being thankfull for his benefits, and sorrowfull for his sinnes, falling into a deepe meditation, after he had a while lien

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as a man in a trance, he started up suddenly, and with a halfe
chæred countenance sung out this Ode.

The Palmers Ode.

Olde *Menalcas* on a day,
As in field this shepherd lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe:
Said to *Coridon*, that hee
Once was youg and full of glee:
Blithe and wanton was I then,
Such desires follow men.
As I lay and kept my sheepe,
Came the god that hated sleepe,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with *Queene Desire*:
And with a dart that wounded me,
Pierst my heart as I did lie:
That when I woke, I gan sweare,
Phillis beauty palme did beare.
Vp I start, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye:
There I saw *Desire* sit,
That my heart with *Loue* did hit.
Laying forth bright *Beauties* hookes,
To intrap my gazing lookes.
Loue I did, and gan to woo,
Pray, and sigh: all would not doe:
Women when they take the toy.
Coyet to be counted coy.
Coy was shee that I gan court,
She thought *Loue* was but a sport.
Profound Hell was in my thought;
Such a paine *Desire* had wrought,
That I sued with sighes and teares,
Still ingrate shee stopt her eares,
Till my youth I had spent.

The first part.

Last a passion of *Repent*,
 Told me flat, that *Desire*
 Was a brand of *Lones fire*,
 Which consumeth men in thrall,
 Vertue, youth, wit, and all.
 At this saw, backe I start,
 Beat *Desire* from my hart,
 Spoke of *Lone*, and made an oath,
 To be an enemy to both,
 Old I was when I thus fled
 Such fond toys as cloyd my head,
 But, this I learn'd at *Vertues* gate,
 The way to good is neuer late.

Nunquam sera ad bonos mores via.

As soone as he had ended his *Doe*, he fell to his olde principle.
Nunquam sera est: and confirming it with a sigh, he rose vp, and
 was ready to depart towards *Bergamo* to take vp his Lodging
 for the sunne was declining towards the West.

But I desirous to reach further into this passionate Palmer,
 cross him the way with this salutation: Palmer (so; so thy ap-
 parell discouers) and penitent, if the inward hart agree with thy
 outward passions: if my questions may not aggravate thy gréfs,
 nor my demand be tedious to thy trauels, let me craue of cur-
 tesse whither thou doest bend the end of thy pilgrimage, that if
 thou beest kept awy, I may direct thee, or if thou knowest the
 Country, I may with *bon fortune* to thy journey, for I haue all
 my life time coueted to be faithfull to my friends, & courteous
 to strangers. The Palmer (amazed at my sodaine salutation)
 steps backe and bent his browes, as if he feared some preiudice
 or were offended at my presence: but when he saw me weapon-
 lesse, and without company, and yet so affable in words, and
 deuout in exterior; courtesies as might impose a Gentleman, he
 deuoutly mooned his bonnet of gray, and made this reply:

Gentleman (so; no lesse you seeme) if the flower may be
 knowne by smell, or the man by his words: I am a Palmer, dis-
 couered by my gray; and penitent, if you note my grieife, which
 sorrow is as effectnall, as my attire is little counterfeite. The di-

Greene's Neuer too late.

rection of my journey is not to Ierusalem: for my faith tels me, Christ can do so as great fauour downe in England, as in Ierich: and prayers are not heard for the place, but in the behalfe of the person heartily repentant. My native home is England, the end of my journey is Venice, where I meane to visite an old friend of mine an Englishman, to whom I haue bin long time indebted, and now meane partly to repay with such stoze as I haue bought with hard experience. This night I will rest in the next village: and thus I hope sir, you rest satisfied.

This answer of the Palmer made me the more desirous to enquire into his sta'e, that I entreated him I might be best to such a guest; and seeing I was resident in Bergamo, where that night he meant to harbour, such lodging as a Country gentleman could afford and such chare as such a village might on the sodaine yeild, should be at his command.

Well could this Palmer skill of courtesie, and returning me many thanks, boucheth of my proffer, & was willing to take my house for his Inn. As we past on the way, wee chanced to fall into prattle thus. Sir (quoth I) if I might with many questions not be offensive, I would faine bee inquisitive to know, as you haue passed along France, Germany, and Rhine and part of Italy, what you haue noted worthy of memo^y. Asking his cap as a man that was passing courteous, he answered thus: I tell you sir (quoth he) as a foolish question merits silence, so a familiar demand craves a friendly reply of dutie, although Zeno the Philosopher counted it more honour, to be a silent naturalist than an eloquent Orator. But as I am not a Socrosophist, to tangle at every Sophisticall objection: So I am not a senere Stoike, to answer but by sillables: and therefore thus to your question.

After I had cut from Dover to Calice, I remembred what old Homer writ of Vlisses, that hee coueied, not onely to see strange Countries, but with a deepe in-sight to haue a view into the manners of men: so I thought, as I passed through Paris, not only to please mine eie with the curious Architecture of the building, but with the diuers dispositions of the Inhabitants. I found therefore the Court (for I aime first at the fairest) to haue a King, & so for so royall a Regiment, if he had bene as perfect in
true

The first part.

true religion, as politique in martiall discipline; the Courtiers; they, as Aristippus, satoned vpon Dionysius, turning like to the Camelion, into the likenesse of euery object that the King proffered to their humozous conceits: so; if the King smiled, euery one in the Court was in his iollitie; if he frowned, their plumes fell like the Peacockes feathers, so that their outward ptesence depended on his inward passions. Generally so, but particularly thus: the French gentlemen are amozous, as soone perswaded by the beauty of their mistris, to make a batwle, as so; the maintenance of Religion to enter armes: their eyes are like Salamander stones, that fire at the sight of euery flame: their hearts as queasse as the minerals of Aëna, that borne at the heats of the sun, & are quencht with the puffe of euery winde. They count it courtlike, to spend their youth in courting of Ladies, and their age in repenting of sinnes, yet more so;ward in the one, then deuout in the other. They bandy glances vpon euery face, as though they would approue euery passion for a principle, they set downe the period with a deepe sigh: yet, as 'he breath of a man vpon Steele, no sobner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, so is the beginning and ending of their loues.

Thus much so; their Amours. Now so; their Armes, they be hardy souldiers, and resolute, (so; their faith, friendship, religion, or other particular qualitties, (so; there is a league betwixt vs and them,) I will spare to speake, lest in being satyricall, I should piob too farre with Diogenes, or in flattering their faults, or their follies, I should claw a fooles shoulder with Dauus in Terence: skipping therefore from them to the Germanes. Nay, Nay sir (quoth I) before you passe the Alpes, giue mee leaue to hold you an honre still in Lions: so; though you be a Palmer, and religious, yet I hope such deepe deuotion rested not in you, but an ounce of Venus fauours hang in your eyes, and when you had spent the mo;ning in Disons, you could in the afternoone lend a glance to a faire Lady. The Eagle soares not so high in the ayre, but shee can espie a little fish in the sea: the sunne in Cancer goes retrograde, the coldest clime hath his summer, and Apollo was neuer so Stoicall, but *semel in anno* he could let fall a smile; and the most seuer Pilgrime or Palmer hath an eye as well as a heart, and a looke to lend to beauty, as a thought to

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bend to Theologie: therefore, I pray you, what thinke you of the French-women? At this question, although his grauitie was great yet with a pleasant countenance he made this reply: Although fire is hote, as well in the coldest Region of the North, as in the furthest Southerne paralell: the grasse of the same colour in Egypt, as it is in Iewry, & women wheresoener they be bred, be *mala necessaria*, yet though their generall essence be all one, as comming from Eua, and therefore froward, inconstant, light, amorous, deceitfull, and *quid non?* better deciphered by Mantuan, then I can make description of: yet as the Diamonds in India be moze hard then the Coynish Stones in England; as the Margarites of the West are moze orient then the Pearles of the South: so womens affections are affected after the disposition of the climate wherein they are bozne: although Auicen in his Aphorismes sets downe this conclusion, that thornes no where grow without prickles, no nettles without stings: but leaving off this preamble: thus to your question. The Women in France generally, as concerning the exteriour lineaments of their outward perfection, are beautifull, as being Westernly seated neere great Brittain, where Nature sits and hatcheth beaucous Paramours: yet although *Natura naturans* hath shewed her cunning in their portraictures, as women that thinke nothing perfect, that Arte hath not polished, that haue drugges of Alexandria, minerals of Egypt, waters from Tharsus, paintings from Spaine, and what to doe forsooth? To make them moze beautifull then vertuous, and moze pleasing in the eyes of men, then delightfull in the sight of God: this is but their exteriour vanity that blemisheth their inward vertues, if they haue any. But moze to their interioir inclination. Some, as if they were Golaries vnto Venus, and at their natiuities had no other influence, take no pleasure but in amorous Passions, no delight but in Madrigals of Love, wetting Cupids wings with Rosewater, and tricking by his quiner with sweete perfumes, they set out their faces as Fowleres do their daring glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest, may sSCOPE soonest; alsoone as the poze louing soles are waapt within their nets, then they sne with sighs, and plead with Sonnets, faine teares, and paint out passions to winne her, that seeming to be coy, comes at the first
lure:

The first part.

lure: so; when they see yong nouices intrapt, then the French dames are like to the people Hiperborei, that spurning liquorice with their feete, secretly slacke their hunger with the sugar thereof: so they outwardly seeming to contemne their suitours motions, stand in deadly feare lest they should leaue off their amorous passions: so that they haue lous in their eye-liddes, so tenderly tacked on by fancy, as it drops off with enery dreame, and is shakt off with enery baine slumber. Some of them are as Sappho was, subtle to allure, and slipperie to deceiue, hauing their hearts made of ware, ready to receiue every impression, not content till they haue as many louers, as their hearts haue entrances for loue, and those are like to Pumice stones that are light and full of holes. Some are as inconstant as Cressida, that be Troylus neuer so true, yet out of sight, out of minde: and as some as Diomedee beginnes to court, she like Venecian traffique, is for his penny, currant *à currendo*, sterling coyne, passable from man to man in way of exchange. Others are as Lidia, cruell, whose harts are hammered in the forge of pride, thinking themselves too good for all, and none worthy of them, and yet oftentimes nestling all day in the Sunne with the Bettle, are at night contented with a cowherd for shelter. These haue eyes of Basiliskes, that are prejudiciall to every object, and harts of Adamant, not any way to be pierced: and yet, I thinke, not dying maides, nor leading Asps to Hell: for Veltiaes sacrifice ceased long since in Rome, & virgins are as rare as blake Swans: opportunitie is a soze plea in Venus court, able, I tell you, to ouerthrow the coyest that is. I could inferre moze particular instances, and distinguish moze at large of the French Gentlewoman: but let me leaue them to their humorous vanities, and resolve our selues that Ireland doth not onely bring forth Wolves, nor Egypt Crocodiles, nor Barbarie Leopards, nor France such qualified women; but as the earth yelds weeds as well in the lowe valleys, as in the highest mountaines, so women are vniuersally *mala necessaria*, wheresoeuer they be either bred or brought by. With this concludue period he breathed him: and I could not but smile, to see the Palmer shake his head at the fondnesse of women, as a man that had bene galled with their ingratitude. Well, after he had paused a little, he left
France,

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France, and beganne to talke of Germanie, and that was thus: After I had left Lions, I passed by the Alpes, and coasted into Germany, whereas I found the Countrey seated vnder a colde climate: so I perceiued the people high-minded, & fuller of words then of courtesie, giuen moze to drinke, then to deuotion, & yet sundry places stuffed with Schismes and Heresies, as people that delight to be factious. There might you see their interior vanities moze then their outward apparell bid import, and oft times their vants moze then their manhood. For I saw Venus of no great account, yet there had there a Temple, and though they did not beautify it with Jewels, they plainly powdered forth such Diasons, as did bewray, though they could not court it as the French did with Art, yet their lust was not lesse, nor their liues moze honest. Because the people were little affable, I grew not so farre inquisitiue of their manners and customs, but *sicco pede* past them ouer, so that I travelled by as farre as Vienna, where I saw a thing worthy of memory. In a balley betwixt two high mountaines, topt with trees of maruailous verdure, whereby ran a fountaine pleasant, as well for the murmur of the streames, as for the sweetnesse of waters. There was situated a little Lodge artificially built, and at the doore a man of very great gravity, and no lesse age, sat leaning vpon his staffe, so to take the benefite of the ayre and the Sun: his haire was as white as the threds of silke in Arabia, or as the Palme trees on the mount of Lebanon: many yeares had made furrows in his face, where Experience sat and seemed to tell forth Oracles: Deuotion appeared in his habite, & his outward cloth discoursing his inward heart, that the old Hermite seemed in the world a resolute despiser of the world. Standing a while, and wondering at this old man, at last all reuerence done that his pæres did require, or my youth was bound vnto, after salutations, I questioned him of the order of his life: who answered me with such curtesie and humility, as perceined in his words the perfect Idea of a mortified man. After sundry questions broken with *pro & contra*, at last he tooke me by the hand, & carried mee into his Cell, where I found not those Viciuilia which Tully sayes are necessarie to be in every Cottage, but I found booke, and that of Theologie: a drinke cup, & that was full

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full of water: a dead mans skull, an houre glasse, and a Bible: this onely was his house garnished. After he had set downe a little, he looked m^{ore} very earnestly in the face, as a man that had some skil in Physionomy, to censure of the inward qualities by the outward appearance: at last, in rough high Dutch verses he thus breathed out his opinion, which I doe so thus into blanchke verse.

The Hermites Exordium.

Here looke (my sonne) for no vaine glorious shewes
Of royall apparition for the eye,
Humble and meeke befitteth men of yeeres:
Behold my Cell built in a silent shade,
Holding content for Pouertie and peace,
And in my Lodge is fealtie, and faith,
Labour and loue vnited in one league.
I want not for my minde, affordeth wealth:
I know not Enuie, for I clime not hie:
Thus doe I liue, and thus I meane to die.

Then he slept to his selfe, and takes downe a Deaths head,
whereon looking as a man that meditated vpon some deepe matter, hee shooke his head and the teares standing in his eyes, hee prosecuted his matter thus.

If that the world presents illusions,
Or Satan seekes to puffe me vp with pompe,
As man is fraile and apt to follow pride:
Then see, my soune, where I haue in my Cell,
A dead mans skull, which cal's this straight to minde,
That as this is, so must my ending be.
When then I see, that earth to earth must passe,
I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grasse.

After he had thus explained the reason why he kept the dead mans skull in his Cell, hee reacht to his houre glasse, and vpon that he began thus to descant.

If care to liue, or sweete delight in life,
As man desires to see out many dayes,

Greenes Neuer too late.

Drawes me to listen to the flattering world,
Then see my glasse which swiftly out doth runne,
Compare to man, who dies ere he begins,
This tels me time slackes not his poasting course,
But as a Glasse runnes out with euery houre,
Some in their youth, some in their weakest age,
All sure to die, but no man knowes his time.
But this I thinke, how vaine a thing is man,
Whose longest life is likened to a span?

Lastly, he took his Bible in his hand, whereupon leaning his
arme, he amplified thus.

When Satan to sift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to giue a fierce assault,
To make a shipwracke of my faith with feares,
Then armed at all points to withstand the foe
With holy armour: here's the martiall sword:
This Booke, this Bible, this two-edged blade,
Whose sweet content pierceeth the Gates of hell:
Deciphering lawes and discipline of warre,
To ouerthrow the strength of Satans iarre,

Thus the Vermit discovered to me the secrets of his Cell:
and after, that I should be pitie to all his pathetical conceits,
he brought forth a few rootes, and such simple diet as he had to
confirm that he tyed faste every way within her limits.
Mending at the methode he used in his Cell, after I had taken
my repast with him, as we met courteously, we parted friend-
ly: he with exhortations to beware of yonges follies. I with
thanks and reuerence to his aged yers, for his graue, and fa-
therly perswasion: so I went from his Cell to Vienna, and
from thence coasted vp into the borders of Italie.

The Palmer had scarce named Italie, but we were come to
my house where I gave him such entertainment, as either the
abilitie of my substance, the plenty of the country, or the short-
nesse of the time could afford: and because I would every way
grace him I brought downe my wife to giue him a royall wel-
come, a fauour welcome the world in Italie: yet because he was a
Palmer,

The first Parr.

Palmer and his profession valued beauty at a light price, I bid him that grace. To be short, at last we sate downe to supper & there past the time with such pleasing chat, as the pleasant Palmer pleased to conferre vpon. Supper done, I desired the Palmer to discourse (if it were not offensive) what reason moued him to direct his Pilgrimage onely to Venice. Raising himselfe vp with a smiling countenance, he made this reply.

Courteous Gentleman, soz so much your affable & liberall disposition doth approue, Iupiter when hee was entertained by poore Baucis, accounted ingratitude so heinous, as hee turned their Cottage to a Temple, and make them sacrificers at his Altars: Hospitality is so precious, as no price may value. Then if I should not grant any lawfull demaund, I might seme as little pliant to humanity, as you liable to courtesie: and therefore if the Gentlewoman your wife and you will sit by to heare the discourses of a traveller, I will first rehearse you an English Historie acted and euented in my country of England: but soz that the Gentleman is yet lining, I will shadow his name, although I manifest his fellicies, and when I haue made relation, I will shew why I directed the course of my Pilgrimage, onely to Venice. My wife by her countenance seemed to be maruelous content, and my selfe kept silence. Whereupon the Palmer began as followeth.

The Palmers tale.

In those daies when Palmerin raigned King of great Brittain, I famous for his dares of Chinalrie, there dwelled in the Citie of Cae. brancke, a Gentleman of an ancient house called France'sco, a man, whose Parentage, though it were worshipfull, yet it was not indued with much wealth: insomuch, that his learning was better then his renennues, and his wit moze beneficiall then his substance. This Seignior France'sco desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable Poyle, spred no moze cloth in the winde then might make casle lie, lest hoppsting by so suddenly aboue the maynepard, some sudden gust might make him founde in the dape. Though

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Greenes Neuer too late.

he were young, yet he was not rash with Icarus, to soare into the skie, but to crie out with old De Ialas, *Medium tenere tutissimum*: treading his shoe without any slippe. He was so generally loued of the Citizens, that the richest Merchant, or grauest Burghmaster would not refuse to grant him his daughter in marriage, hoping moze of his insuing fortunes, then of his present substance. At last casting his eye on a Gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbranch, he fell in loue, & prosecuted his suite with such affable curtesie, as the maid considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set vp her rest with him, so that her fathers consent might be at the knitting vp of the match. Francesco thinking himselfe rockefure, as a man that hoped his credite in the Citie might carrie away moze then a countrey Gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at fit opportunity, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters marriage. The old churle that listened with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in uirumis aurem dormire*, but leaning on his elbow, made present answer, that her dowry required a greater feotment then his lands were able to affoord. And vpon that, without further debating of the matter, he rose vp and hied him home: whither as sone as he came: he called his daughtes befoze him, whose name was Isabel, to whom he bittered these words. Why, huswife (quoth he) are you so idle tasked, that you stand vpon thornes untill you haue a husband? are you no soner hatched with the Lapwing, but you will run away with the shell on your head? Soone picks the tree that will proue a thorne, and a girl that lones too soone will repent too late. What a Husband? why, the Maides of Rome durst not looke at Venus Temple till they were thirtie, nor went they vnmasked till they were married, that neither their beauties might allure other, nor they glance their eye on euerie wanton. I tell the fond Girle, when Nilus ouer-floweth befoze his time, Egypt is plagued with a dearth: the trees that blossome in February, are nipped with the frost in May; untimely fruits had neuer good fortune, & young Gentlewomen, that are wooed and won ere they be wise, sorrow and repent befoze they be old. What seest thou? Francesco that thine eye must choyse, and thy heart must fancie is he beautifull? Why, fond

The first part.

sond girls, what the eye liketh at moone, it hateth at night: love
 is like a haire but a blaze: and beauty, why how can I better
 compare it then to the gorgeous Cedar, that is onely for the shew,
 nothing for profit? to the apples of Tantalus, that are precious
 in the eye, and dust in the hand: to the Starre Artophylax that is
 most bright, but steele not for any Compass: so young men that
 stand vpon their outward portraiture, I tell the they are preiudiciall:
Demophon was faire, but how dealt he with *Phyllis*? *Aeneas*
 was a brave man, but a dissembler: *sond* girls, all but
 little worth if they be not wealthy: and I pray the what sub-
 stance hath *Francesco* to indue the with? Hast thou not heard
 that want breakes amity, that love beginneth in gold, and en-
 deth in beggary, that such as marry but to a faire face, tie them-
 selves oft to a soule bargaine? And what wilt thou doe with a
 husband that is not able to maintaine the? Why so; with a dram
 of pleasure with a pound of sorrow, and a pint of content with a
 whole tunne of preiudiciall displeasures. But why doe I cast
 stones into the ayre, or breath my words into the winde, when
 to perswade a woman from her will, is to roll *Sisiphus* stone:
 or to tie a headstrong girl from love, is to tie the *Furies* again
 in Fetters? Therefore husband, to prevent all misfortunes, I wil
 be your *Jaylor*. And with that he carried her in, and shut her vp
 in his owne chamber, not giuing her leaue to depart, but when
 his key gaue her license; yet at last she so cunningly dissembled,
 that she got thus farre libertie, not to be close prisoner, but to
 walke about the house: yet euery night he shut vp her clothes,
 that no nighty leaue of her escape might hinder his broken drum-
 bers.

Where leaving her, let vs returne to *Francesco*, who to his
 sorrow heard of all these hard fortunes: and being pensive, was
 full of many passions, but almost in despaire, as a man that
 durst not come nigh her fathers doore, nor send any letters to her,
 by to comfort his *Mistresse*, or to lay any plot of her libertie: for
 no sooner any stranger came thither, but he suspicious they came
 from *Francesco*, first sent by his daughter into her Chamber;
 then, as watchfull as *Argus* with all his eyes, he eyed into e-
 uery particular gesture and behaviour of the party: and if any
 zealous humour took him in the head, he would not onely be ve-

Greekes Neuer to late.

requisite with cutting questions, but would straine courtesies, and search them very narrowly, whether they had any letters or no to his daughter Isabel.

This narrow inquisition made the poore Gentleman almost franticke, that he turned ouer *Anacreon, Oisà de Artè Amanti*, and all booke that might teach him any sights of loue: but for all their principles, his owne wit serued him for the best shift, and that was happily begun, and fortunately ended thus. It chanced, that as he walked thus in his muses, fetching the compass of his conceit beyond the Pone he met with a poore Woman, who as her custome was began her *exordium* with, I pray good Master, and so forth, hoping to find the Gentleman as liberall, as he was full of gracious fauours: neither did she misse of her imagination; for he that thought her likely to be drawne into the executing of his purpose, conceited thus, that good was as good as glew to knit her to any practice whatsoever, and therefore out with his purse, and clapt her in the hand with a French crowne. This vnaccustomed reward made her more franch of courtesies, that every rag reacht the Gentleman a reuerence, with promise of many prayers for his health. He that harpd on another string, took the woman by the hand, and sitting downe vpon the græne grasse, discoursed vnto her from point to point the beginning and sequell of his loues, and how by no meanes (except by her) he could conuay any letter: The begger desirous to doe the Gentleman any pleasure, said shee was ready to take any paines that might rebound to his content.

Whereupon he replied thus: Then mother, thou shalt goe to yonder Abby which is her fathers house, and when thou comest thither, vse thy wonted eloquence to intreat for thy almes: if the Master of the house be present, shew thy passport, and saue very passionate: but if he be absent or out of the way then, oh then mother, looke about if thou seest Diana masking in the shape of a Virgine, if thou speest Venus, nay one more beautifull then ones Coddesse, and I tell thee she is my loue, faire Isabel, whom thou shalt discerne from her other sister thus: her visage is faire, containing as great resemblance of vertue, as lineaments of leachie, and yet I tell thee, she is full of saueur, whether thou respect

The first part.

speciest the outward poztiture oꝝ inward perfectiō; kete like the Diamond, and so pointed, that it pierceth to the quick, yet so chaste in the motion, as therein is saine as in a mirroꝝ; courtelle tempred with a vertuous disdain: her countenance is the very map of modesty: and to giue the a more rēre mark, if thou findest her in the way, thou shalt see her more liberall to bestow, then thou pittifull to demand: her name is Isabel: to her from me shalt thou carrie a letter solded by euery way like a post, with a greasse backeside, and a great seale. If cunningly and closely thou canst thus conuey vnto her the tenour of my mind, when thou byingest vnto me an answer I will giue the a brace of Angels. The poore woman was glad of this proffer, and thereupon promised to venture a sopnt, but she would further him in his lones: whereupon she followed him to his chamber, and the while he wrot a letter to this effect.

Signior Francesco to faire Isabel.

Vhen I note (faire Isabel) the extremity of thy fortunes and measure of the passions of my loue, I finde that Venus hath made the constant to requite my miseries, and that where the greatest onset is giuen by fortune, there is strongest defence made by affection: for I heard that thy father, supitious, oꝝ rather zealous of our late vnited sympathy, doth wathe like Argus ouer Io, not suffering the to passe beyond the reach of his eye, vnlesse (as he thinks) thou shouldst ouer-reach thy selfe. His mind is like the Tapers in Ianus Temple, that set once on fire, burne till they consume themselves: his thoughts like the Sun-beames, that search euery secret. Thus watching the, he ouerwaketh himselfe, and yet (I hope) profiteth as little as they which gaze on the flames of Etna, which banish out of their sight in smoke.

I haue heard them say, (faire Isabel) that as the Diamonds are tried by cutting of glasse, the Topace by biding the force of the analle, the Bethin wood by the hardnesse, so womens excellence is discovered in their constancy: When if the period of all their vertues consist in this, that they take in loue by moments and let it slip by minutes, that as the Coytoise they craue

Greenes Neuer to late.

pederemy; and when they come to their rest, will hardly be remoned. I hope thou wilt confirme in thy loue the deep patternes of feminine loyalty, hauing no motion in thy thoughts, but fan-
 tie, and no affection, but to thy Francesco. In that I am stopped from thy sight, I am depriued of the chiefest organ of my life, ha-
 uing no sense in my life perfect; in that I want the view of thy
 perfection, ready with sorrow to perish in despair, if resolued of
 thy constancy, I did not triumph in hope. Therefore now rests it
 in thee to salue all these sores, and prouide medicines for these
 dangerous maladies, that our passions appeased, we may end
 our harmony in the faithfull vniou of two hearts. When first,
 Love hath his shifts, and Venus quiddities are most subtile wo-
 phistry; that he which is touched with beauty, is euer in league
 with opportunity: these principles are proued by the messen-
 ger, whose state discouers my restless thoughts, impatient of
 any longer repulse. I haue therefore sought to overmatch thy fa-
 ther in policie, as he overkaines vs in iealousie, and seeing he
 takes it, to let him find a knot in a rush: as therefore I haue sent
 thee the sum of my passions in the forme of a Pasport, returns
 me a reply wrapt in the same paper, that as we are forced to
 count our deceit in one shift, so hereafter we may vniue our
 loues in one simplicitie: appoint what I shall doe to compasse
 a priuate conference. Think I will account of the Seas as
 Leander: of the Warres as Troilus: of all dangers as a man re-
 solved to attempt any peril, or break any prejudice for thy sake.
 Say, when, and where I shall make thee, & so, as I begun passi-
 onately, I break off abruptly. Farewell.

Thine in fatall resolution,
Seigneur Francesco.

After he had written the letter, & dispatcht the messenger,
 her mind was so fixed on the brace of Angels, that she stir-
 red her old stumps till she came to the house of Seigneur Frego-
 so, who at that instant was walkt abroad, to take view of his
 pastures. Shee no sooner began her methode of begging with a
 solemne prayer, and a *pater noster*, but Ilabel, whose deuotion
 was

The first part.

was neuer bent to pittie the poore, came to the doore, to see the necessity of the party. who began to salute her thus: Faire *Philis* whose vertues exceede your beauties, and yet I doubt not but you daime your perfection equiualent with the rarest paragons in Brittain: as your eye receiues the object of my misery, so let your hart haue an insight into my extremities, who once was young, and then fauoured by fortune, now old and crossed by the destinies, diuene when I am weakest to the wall, and when I am worst able, so need to hold the candle: During then the faultes of my youth haue forced the fall of mine age, and I am diuene in the winter of my yeares, to abide the brunt of all stormes, let the plentie of your youth pittie the want of my decrepite state: and the rather, because my fortune was once as high as my fall is now low: so prooue sweet *Philis*, for my passport, wherein you shall find my passions and much patience, at which period, making a curtellie, her very rags seemed to giue Isabel reuerence. Whoe hearing the begger insinuate with such a sensible preamble, thought the woman had had some good parts in her. & therefore tooke her certificate: which as soone as she had opened, and that she perceived it was Francescoes hand, she smiled, and yet bewayed a passion with a blush. So that stepping from the woman, she went into her chamber, where she read it ouer with such pathetical impressions, as euery motion was intangled with a dilemma: for on the one side, the loue of Francesco grounded more on his interiour vertues, then his exteriour beauties, gaue such fierce assaults to the bulwark of her affections, as the Fort was ready to be yeilded by: but that the feare of her Fathers displeasure, armed with the instigations of nature, diane her to meditate thus with her selfe.

Now Isabel, Loue and Fortune haue brought thee into a labyrinth, thy thoughts are like Ianus pictures that present both peace and warre. and thy minde like Venus Anule, whereon is hammered both Feare and Hope: With then the chance lieth in thine owne choice, doe not with Medea, see and allow of the best, and then follow the worst: but of two extremes, if they be *Immediata*, choose that may haue least prejudice, and most profit. Thy father is aged, and wise. and many yeares hath taught him much experience. The old Fort is more subtile than the young

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young Cub, the Backe moze skilfull to chole his foode then the young Falcones. Open of age, feare and foze - ſe that which youth leapeith at with repentance. If then his graue wiſdome excēdes thy grāne wit, and his ripened fruits thy ſprouting bloſſoms, thinke if he ſpeake for thy auaille, as his principles are perfect, ſo they are grounded on Loue and Nature. It is a nāre collop, ſayes he, is cut of thy owne fleſh, and the ſtay of thy Fortunes, is the ſtaffe of thy life: no doubt hee ſees with a moze piercing iudgement into the life of Franceſco: for thou overcome with fancie, cenſoreſt of all his actions with partialitie. Franceſco, though he be yong and beautifull, yet his reuenewes are not anſwerable to his fauours: the Cedar is faire, but vnfruiſtfull, the Volgo a bright ſtreame, but without fiſh: men couet rather to plant the Olive for proſit, then the Alder for beauty, and young Gentlwomen ſhould rather fancy to liue, then affect to laſt: for loue without lands, is like to a fire without ſewell, that for a while ſhetweth a bright blaze and in a moment dieth in his owne cinders. Doſt thou thinke this, Iſabel, that thine eye may not ſurſet ſo with beautie, that the minde ſhall vomite by repentance: yes, for the faireſt Roſes haue prickes, the pureſt lawnes their moles, the brighteſt Diamonds their cracks, and the moſt beautifull men of the moſt imperfect conditions; for nature hauing care to poliſh the body ſo faire, oerwānes her ſelfe in her excellency, that ſhe leaues their minds imperfect. Whither now Iſabel, into abſurd Aphoriſmes: What, can thy Father perſwade thee to this, that the moſt glozious ſhells haue not the moſt orient margarites, that the pureſt flowers haue not the moſt perfect fauours, that men, as the excel in proportion of body, ſo they excēde in perfection of minde? Is not nature both curious and abſolute, hiding the moſt vertuous minds in the moſt beautifull conertures? Why, what of this, ſond girle? Suppose theſe promiſes to be granted, yet they infer no concluſion: ſe; ſuppoſe he be beautifull and vertuous, and his wit is equall with his parentage, yet he wants wealth to maintaine Loue. and therefore, ſayes old Fregoso, not worthy of Iſabels loue. Shall I then tie my affection to his Lands; or to his lineaments? To his riches, or his quaſties? Are Venus altars to be filled with gold, a) loyaltie of hearts? Is the ſympathy of Cupids conſiſt; vnited

The first part.

in the abundance of copie: or the absolute perfection of constancie? Ah Isabel, thinke this, that loue brooketh no exception of want, that where Fancie displaies her colours, there alwayes either Plentie keeps her court, or else Patience so tempers euery extreme, that all defects are supplied with content. Upon this, as hauing a further reach, and a deeper insight, she slept as busily to her Standish, and wrot him this answer.

Isabel to Francesco, health.

Although the nature of a Father, and the duty of a childe, might moue me resolutely to reiect thy letters, yet I receiued them, so; that thou art Francesco, and I Isabel, who were once pziuate in affection, as now we are distant in places. But know my father, whose command to me is a law of constraint, sets downe this censure, that loue without wealth, is like to a Cedar tree without fruite, or to coyne sowne in the sandes, that withereth so; want of moisture: and I haue reason Francesco to dōme of (now by the whitenesse, and of trees by the blossoms. The old man, whose wordes are Oracles, telles me, that loue that entereth in a moment, flieth out in a minute; that mens affections are like the deaw vpon a Chyissall, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off: their eyes with euery glance make a new choice, and euery look can command a sigh, hauing their hearts like Salt-peter, that fiereth at the first, and yet proueth but a flash: their thoughts reaching as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods, that bzeake with euery blast. Had Carthage bene bereft of so famous a Virago, if the Troian had bene as constant as he was comely? Had the Queene of Poetrie bene pinched with so many passions, if the wanton Ferri-man had bene as faithfull as he was faire? No, Francesco, and therefore seeing the brightest blossomes are pestered with most Caterpillers, the sweetest Roses with the sharpest prickles, the fairest Cambric'es with the foulest stains, and men with the best proportion, haue commonly least perfection; I may feare to swallow the hooke, lest I finde moze bane in the confession, then pleasure in the bait. But here let me bzeathe, and with sighes sozeset mine owne folly. Women, poore soules, are like to the Harts in Calabria, that knowing Dictamnus to bee

Greene's Neuer too late.

deadly, yet browse on it with greedinesse: resembling the Fish
Mugra, that seeing the hook bare, yet swallowes it with delight:
so women soze-se, yet do not prevent knowing what is profita-
ble, yet not eschewing the prejudice: So Francesco, I see thy
beauties, I know thy want, and I feare thy vanities, yet can I
not but allow of all, were they the worst of all, because I finde
in my minde this yncipall: In Love is no lacke. What should I
Francesco, conet to dally with the mouse, when the Cat standes
by, or fill my letter full of needlesse ambages, when my father, like
Argus, setteth a hundred eyes to over-see my actions? While I
am writing, thy messenger standes at the doore praying: there-
fore, lest I should hold her too long in her Orisons, or keepe thee
(poore man) too long in suspense: thus briefely: Be upon Thurs-
day next at night, hard by the Orchard vnder the greatest Oke,
where expect my coming, provide for our safe passage: for
I doo all the world on the one side, and thou on the other, Fran-
cesco should be my guide, to direct me whither he pleased. Faile
not then, vnlesse thou be false to her, that would haue life faile,
ere she falsifie faith to thee.

Not her owne, because thine, *Isabel.*

As soone as she had dispatcht her letter, she came downe, &
deliuered the letter in soyme of a passport to the messenger
giving her after her accustomed manner an almes, and closely
clapt her in the fist with a brace of Angels. The women thank-
ing her good Master, and her good Mistress, giving the house her
benison, bied her backe againe to Francesco, whom she found sit-
ting solitarie in his Chamber: no sooner did she espie her, but
singling out of his chaire, he changed colour, as a mā in a doubt-
full extasse what should betide: yet conceiuing good hope by her
countenance, who smiled more at the remembrance of her re-
ward, then at any other conceite, he tooke the letter, and read it,
wherein he found his humour so fitted, that he not only thanked
the messenger, but gave her all the money in his purse, so that
she returned so highly gratified, as neuer afterward she was
found to exercise her old occupation. But leaving her to the hope
of her huswifery, againe to Francesco, who seeing the constant
affection of his Mistress, that neither the towee lookes of her fa-
ther,

The first part.

ther, nor his hard threats could affright her, so make change of her fancy, that no disaster fortune could dye her to make shipwacke of her fixed affection, that the blustering stormes of aduersity might assault, but not sack the fort of her constant resolution hā fell into this pleasing passion: Women (quoth he) why, as they are heavens wealth, so they are earths miracles, framed by nature to despight beauty, adorned with the singularity of proportion, to shew the excellency of all perfection, as far exceeding men in vertues, as they excell them in beauties, resembling Angels in qualities, as they are like to Gods in perfectness, being purer in mind, then in mould, & yet made of the purity of man: last are they, as gining Love her due: constant, as holding loyalty more precious then life: as hardly to be dyeing from united affection, as the Salamanders from the cauerns of Aens. Thus quoth Francesco) what should I say: they be women, and therefore the continents of all excellencie. In this pleasat humoz he passed away the time, not slacking his busines so; provision against Thursday at night: to the care of which affaires, let vs leaue him, and returne to Isabel, who after she had sent her letter, fell into a dumpe, entring into considerations of mens inconstancy, & of the sickenes of their fancies: but all these meditations did sort to no effect: wherupon sitting downe, she tooke her Lute in her hand, and sung this Ode.

Isabels Ode.

Sitting by a Riuers side,
Where a silent streame did glide,
Banckt about with choice of flowers,
Such as spring from Aprill, showers
When faire *Iris* smiling, shewes
All her riches in her dewes,
Thick leaued trees so were planted,
As not Art nor Nature wanted
Bordering all the brooke with shade,
As if *Venus* there had made
By *Floras* wile, a curious bowre
Todally with her paramoure.

Greenes Neuer too late.

At this current as I gazd,
Eyes intrapt, minde amazd,
I might see in my ken,
Such a flame as fiereth men.
Such a fire as doth frie,
With one blaze both heart and eye,
Such a heate as doth proue
No heate like to the heate of loue.
Bright she was, for 'twas a she,
That trac'd her steps towards me:
On her head she ware a bay
To fence *Phabus* light away:
In her face one might descry
The curious beaultie of the skie.
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feathered all with swift desire:
Yet forth these fiery darts did passe,
Pearled teares as bright as glasse,
That wonder 'twas in her eyne,
Fire and water should combine:
Ifth' old Saw did not borrow,
Fire is loue, and water sorrow.
Downe she sate, pale and sad,
No mirth in her lookes she had,
Face and eyes shew'd distresse,
Inward sighs discourst no lesse:
Head and hand might I see:
Elbow leaned on her knee,
Last she breathed out this Saw,
Oh that loue hath no law,
Loue inforceth with constraint,
Loue delighteth in complaint,
Who so loues, hates his life,
For loues peace is minds strife.
Loue doth feede on beauties fare,
Euery dish sawe'd with care:
Chiefely women, reason why,
Loue is hatcht in their eye:

Thence

The first part.

Thence it steppeth to the hart,
There it poysoneth euery part
Mind and heart, eye and thought.
Till sweet loue their woes haue wrought.
Then repentant they gan cry,
Oh my heart that trowed mine eye.
Thus shee said, and then shee rose,
Face and mind both full of woes:
Flinging thence with this Saw,
Fie on loue that hath no law.

Having finished her Ode, shee heard that her Father was come in, and therefore leauing her amorous instruments, she fell to her labour, to confirme the old prouerb in her fathers lealous head, *Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*: but as warie as shee was, yet the old Goose could spie the Gosling winke, and would not by any meanes trust her, but vled his accustomed manner of restraint: yet as it is impossible for the smoke to be concealed, or fire to bee suppressed: so Fregoso could not by subtile dissto so warily watch his transformed Io, but shee found a Mercury to release her. For vpon Thursday lying in her bedde with little intent to sleepe, she offered many sighs to Venus, that she would be Matresse to Morpheus, that some dead slumber might possesse all the house: which fell out accordingly, so that at midnight she rose vp, and finding her apparrel shut vp, she was faine to goe without hose, onely in her smocke and her peticoate, with her fathers hat and an old cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night gære, she marcheth downe softly, where she found Francesco ready with a priuate and familiar friend of his to watch her coming forth, who, casting his eye aside, and seeing one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treacherie, drew his sword: at which Isabel smiling, shee encountred him thus.

Gentle sir if you be as valiant as you seeme cholericke, or as martiall as you would be thought hardie, let not vpon a weaponlesse woman, least in thinking to triumph in so meane a conquest, you be p:indiced with the taint of cowardise. Was neuer yet read, that warlike Mars drew his Fauchion against lonely Venus, were her offence neuer so great, or her Choler
never

Greenes Neuer too late.

neuer so much. Therefore Gentleman, if you be the man I take you, I Iabels Francesco, leaue off your armes, & fall to amours, and let your parley in them bee as short, as the night is silent. and the time dangerous. Francesco saying it was the Paramour of his affections. let fall his sword, and caught her in his armes, ready to fall in a sound by a sudden extasse of ioy: at last recouering his sence, he encountred her thus.

Faire Ilabel, Natures ouermatch in beauty, as you are Dianes superiour in vertue: at the sight of his attire, I drew my sword, as fearing some pnyf for: but as soone as the view of your perfection glanced as an object to mine eye, I let fall my armes, trembling as Acteon did, that he had dared too farre in gazing against so gorgeous a Goddess: yet ready in the defence of your sweet selfe, and rather then I would lose so rich a prize, not only to take by my weapon, but to encounter hand to hand with the stoutest champion in the world. Sir (quoth shee) these protestations are now bootlesse: and therefore to be briefe, thus (and with that the teares trickled down the vermillion of her cheeks, and shee blubbered out this passion.) O Francesco, thou maist see by my attire the depth of my fancies, and in these homely robes mayst thou note the reachlesnesse of my fortunes, that so thy lone haue strained a note too high in loue, I offend Nature as repugnant to my Father, whose displeasure I haue purchast to please thee: I haue giuen a small farewell to my friends, to bee thy familiar: I haue lost all hope of preferment, to confirme the sympathie of both our desires: ah Francesco, see, I come thus poye in apparrell, to make thee rich in content. Now if hereafter, (Oh let me sigh at that, lest I bee forced to repent too late) when thy eye is glatted with my beautie, and thy hott lone proued soone cold, then beginst thou to hate her that thus loueth thee, and proue as Demophoon did to Phillis, or as Aneas to Dido. What then may I doe relected, but accurse mine owne solife, that hath brought me to such hard fortunes? Giue me leaue, Francesco to feare what may fall: so men are as inconstant in performance, as cunning in practices. Shee could not fully discourse what she was about to utter, but he broke off with this protestation: Ah Ilabel, although the windes of Le-panthas are euer inconstant, the Chyistall euer brittle, the Po-lipa

The first part.

lipa ever changeable: yet measure not my mind by other motion, nor the depth of my affection by the flitting of other fancies: for as there is a Topace that will yield to every stamp, so there is an Emerald that will yield no impression. The selfe same Troy, as it had an Aeneas that was sickle, so it had Troilus that was constant. Greece had a Pyramus as it had a Demophoon: and though some have been ingratefull, yet accuse not all to be unthankfull: for when Francisco shall let his eye slip from thy beauty, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his heart from thy vertues, or his whole life from ever honouring thee: then shall heauen cease to haue Starres, the earth Trees, the world Elements, and euery thing reuerfed, shall fall to their former Chaos.

Why then (quoth Isabel) to horsebacke, for feare the fall of two such Louers be impeached by my fathers wastefull lechery. And with that (poore woman) halfe naked as she was she mounted, and as fast as horse would pace away, they post towards a towne in the said country of Brittain, called Duncastru. Where let vs leaue them in their false gallop, & returne to old Fregoso, who rising early in the Morning, & missing his daughter, askt for her thorough the whole house: but seeing none could discouer where she was, as assured of her escape, he cried out as a man halfe lunaticke, that he was by Francisco rob'd of his onely iewel. Whereupon a despairing fury he caused all his men and his tenants to mount them, and to disperse themselves euery one with hue and cry for the recovery of his daughter, he himselfe being horse and riding the ready way to Duncastru. Where he no sooner came but fortune meaning to dally with the old dotard, and to present him a bone to gnaw on, brought it so to passe, that as he came riding downe the towne, he met Francisco, and his daughter comming from the Church which although it pierst him to the quicke, and drained euery string of his heart to the highest note of sorrow, yet he concealed it till he tooke his Zune: and then stumbling as fast as he could to the Doctors house of the Towne, he revealed vnto him the whole cause of his distresse, requiring his fauour for the clapping vp of this vnruly Gentleman: and to make the matter more hainous, he accused him of felony, that he had not onely, contrary to the

Greenes Neuer too late.

enflowe bereft him of his daughter against his will, but with his daughter, had taken away certaine plate. This euidence caused the Mayoz Knight, guarded with his Officers, to march bolone with Fregoso, to the place where Isabel, & her Francesco were at breakfast, little thinking (poore soules) such a sharpe Royme should follow so quiet a calme: but fortune would haue it so. And therefore, as they were carolling each to other in a swete frolike of hoped for content, the Mayoz rusht in, and apprehended him of felony: which viane the poore perplexed lones into such a dumpe, that they stood as the pictures, that Perceus with his shield turned into stones. Francesco presently with a sharpe insight, entred into the cause, & perceived it was the will of the old fore his father in law: wherefore he took it with the more patience. But Isabel seeing her new husband so handled, fell into a sound for sorrow, which could not preuaile with the Sergeant's, but they conueyed him to prison, and her to the Mayors house. As soone as this was done Fregoso, as a man carlesse what should become of them, in a strange Countrie, tooke horse and rode home: he past melancholy, and these remained sorrowfull, especially Isabel, who after she had almost blabbed out her eyes for griefe, fell at length into this passion.

Infortunate Isabel, and therefore unfortunate, because thy sorowes are more then thy yeares, and thy distresse too heauie for the prime of thy youth. Are the heauens so vnjust, the starres so dismal, the planets so insurions, that they haue more contrary oppositions then fauourable aspects? that their influence both insafe more preiudice, then they can inferre profite? Then no doubt if their motions bee so maligne, Saturne conspiring with all balefull signes, calculated the houre of thy birth full of disaster accidents. Ah Isabel, thou maist see, the birds that are hatched in winter, are nipt with euery Royme, such as flye against the sunne, are either scorched or blinded, and those that repugne against nature, are euer cross by fortune. Thy father foresaw these evils, and warned thee by experience, thou relectedst his counsaile, and therefore art bitten with repentance: such as looke not before they leape, oft fall into the ditch: and they that scorne their parents, cannot avoid punishment: The young Eigers follow the baying of their old Dirc, the tender Falwons chase their

The first part.

their food by the old Bucke : These brute beaſts, and without
 reaſon, ſtray not from the limites of nature : thou a woman, and
 endued with reaſon, art therefore thus ſorrowfull, becauſe thou
 haſt bene vnnaturell. Whither now Iſabel? What, like the
 ſtrubs of India, parched with enery ſcorch? Wilt thou reſem-
 ble the brookes of Caria, that dry vp with enery Sun-ſhine?
 Shall one blaſt of Fortune blemiſh al thy affection? one ſcrovne
 of thy father infringe thy love toward thy huſband? Wilt thou
 be ſo inconstant at the firſt, that haſt promiſed to be loyall ever?
 If thou beſt danted on thy marriage day, thou wilt bee ſteering
 hereafter : Didſt thou not chooſe him for his vertues, and now
 wilt thou reſuſe him for his hard fortunes? Is he not thy huſband?
 yes, and therefore moze dære to thee then thy Father. I, Iſabel,
 and vpon that reſolue, leſt hauing ſo faithfull a Troylus, thou
 prooue as hatefull as Creſſida : ſorrow Iſabel, but not that thou
 followeſt Franceſco, but that Franceſco by thee is ſaine into ſuch
 miſfortunes : ſeke to mitigate his malladies by thy patience,
 not to incenſe his griefe with thy paſſions: courage is known in
 extremities, womanhood in diſtreſſe: and as the Chriſſolite is
 pꝛoued in the fire, and the diamond by the anuile, ſo lewe is tried
 not by fauour of Fortune, but by the aduerſity of time. There-
 fore Iſabel, *Feras non culpes, quod vitare non poſſes*, and with Tully
 reſolue thus :

*Put a rerum humanarum nihil eſſe firmum, nec in proſperis
 letitia gelliſſes, nec in aduerſis dolore concideſ.*

With this ſhe held her peace, and reſted ſilent, ſo behauing her
 ſelfe in the Mayors houſe, with ſuch modeſty and patience, that
 as they held her for a Paragon of beauty, ſo they counted her for
 a ſpectable of vertue: thinking her outward proportion was far
 inferiour to her inward perfection: ſo that generally ſhe wan the
 hearts of the whole houſe, in that they pitied her caſe, & wiſhed
 her libertie. Inſomuch, that Franceſco was the better vſed for
 her ſake: who being impꝛiſoned, griued not at his owne ſinifler
 miſ-hap, but ſorrowed for the Fortune of Iſabel, paſſing both
 day and night with many extreame paſſions, to thinke on the
 diſtreſſe of his beloved Paramour. Fortune, who had wrought
 this tragedy, intending to ſhew that her front is as full of fa-
 uours as of ſcrovnes, and that ſhe holds a dimple in her cheek,

Greene's Neuer too late.

as she hath a wrinkle in her brow, began thus in a Commical
veine to be pleasant. After many daies were passed, and that
the Payor had entred into the good demeanour of them both,
noting, that it proceeded rather of the displeasure of the father,
then for any speciall desert of felony, seeing youth would haue
his swings, and that as the minerals of Aena stone fire, as the
leaves in Parthia burne in the Sunne, so young peeres are
incident to the heate of loue, and affection will burst into such
amorous parties: Hee not as Chremes in Terence, measuring
the flames of youth by his dead cinders, but thinking of their
present fortunes by the follies of their former age, called a Con-
uenticle of his brethren, and seeing there was none to giue any
farther euidence, thought to let Francesco loose. Having their
free consent, the next day taking Isabel with him, he went to the
Playe, where they heard such rare reportes of the behaviour of
Francesco, that they sorrowed not so much at his fortunes, as
they wondered at his vertues: for the Playor discoursed vnto them
how, as he was greatly passionate, so he bled great patience, ha-
ving this verse oft in his mouth:

Fortiter ille facis, qui miser esse potest.

That he was affable and courteous, winning all, & offending
none, that all his house, as they grieved at his imprisonment,
would be sorry at his enlargement: not for enuy of his person, but
for sorrow of his absence. The Playor thus commending the
Gentleman conducted them to the chamber doore, where Fran-
cesco lay, whom they found in secret meditation with himselfe:
therefore they stayed, and were silent Auditors to his passions:
the first word they heard him breathe out with a sigh, was this,

Souffrir me plaist, car l'espoir me conforte,

And with that, taking a Citterne in his hand, saying this
note,

Pour paruenir l'endure.

He warbled out this Ode.

Francesco's Ode.

VVhen I looked about the place
Where sorrow nurseth vp disgrace,

Wraps

The first part.

Wrapt with a fold of cares,
Whose distresse no heart spares :
Eyes might looke, but see no light,
Heart might thinke, but no despight.
Sunne did shine, but not on me,
Sorrow said, It may not be,
That heart or eye should once possesse
Any salue to cure distresse :
For men in prison must suppose,
Their Couches are the beds of woes :
Seeing this, I sighed then,
Fortune thus should punish men.
But when I cald to mind her face,
For whose loue I brooke this place,
Starrie eyes, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight,
Eyes that lighten, and doe shine,
Beames of loue that are diuine,
Lilly cheekes whereon beside,
Bud of Roses shew their pride,
Cherrie lips, which did speake
Words that made all hearts to breake :
Words most sweete, for breath was sweete,
Such perfumes for loue is meete :
Precious words, as hard to tell,
Which more pleased, wit or smell.
When I saw my greateſt paines
Grow for her that beautie staines,
Fortune thus I did reprocue.
Nothing griefefull growes from loue.

Having thus chanted ouer his Ode, he heard the chamber
doore open, whereupon he grew melancholie; but when he saw
the goddess of his affection, on whose constant loyalty depended
the essence of his happinesse, hee started vp, as when Ioue-ſick
Mars saw Venus entring his pavilion in triumph, entertaining
them all generally with such affabilitie, and her particularly
with such courtesie, that he shewed himselfe as full of nurture
as of nature. Interchange of entertainment thus past betwix
these

Greenes Neuer too late.

these two louers, as well with emphasis of wordes, as extatic of mindes, concluding with streames of pathetical teares. The Mayor at last entred parley, and tolde Francesco, though his Father in law had alleaged felony against him, yet because he perceived, that it rather proceeded of some secret reuenge, then any manifest truth, and that no further evidence came to re-
 sure the allegation, he was content to set him at libertie, conditionally, Francesco should giue his hand, to bee answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might bee objected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at libertie and he and Isabel toynly together taking themselves to a little Cottage, began to be as Ciceronicall as they were amorous: with their hands thirst conelting to satisfie their hearts thirst, and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues: so that the parish wherein they liued, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very mirrours of a Democraticall methode: for he being a Scholer, and nursd vp in the Vniuersities, resolued rather to liue by his wit, then any way to be pinched with want, thinking this old sentence to be true, That wishers and woulders were neuer good house-holders; therefore he applied himselfe in teaching of a Schoole, where, by his industry, he had not onely great honour, but got wealth to withstand fortune. Isabel, that she might serue no lesse profitable, then her husband carefull, sell to her needle and with her worke sought to preuent the iniurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to maintaine their loues, being as busie as Bees, and as true as Tortles, as desirous to satisfie the world with their desert, as to feede the humours of their owne desire. Liuing thus in a league of vniued vertues, out of this naturall concord of confirmed perfection, they had a Son answerable to their owne proportion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and love thus ioyning in league, to make these parties to forget the stormes, that had nipped the blossoms of their former yeres, addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse. After the terme of five yeres, Segunr Fregoso hearing by sundrie reports, the fame of their fortune and life, how Francesco conelcted to be most loving to his daughter, and she most outfall to him,
 and

The first part.

and both strine to excōde one another in loyaltie; glad at this mutuell agrēment. he fell from the furie of his former melancholly passions and satisfi'd himselfe with a contented patience, that at last he directed letters to his Son in Law, that he should make repaire to his house with his daughter, which newes was no sooner come to the eares of this married couple, but providing for all things necessarie for the furniture of their voyage, they passed as fast as they could towards Caerbrancke, where speedily arriving at their Fathers house, they found such friendly entertainment at the old mans hand, that they counted this smile of Fortune able to counterualle all the contrary stormes, that the aduersie planets had inflicted vpon them.

Seated thus, as they thought, so surely, as no sinister chance, or dismall influence might remooue. Whē that is constant in nothing but inconstancie, began in faire skie to produce a tempest thus.

It so chanced, that Francesco had necessary buisnesse to dispatch at the cheife citie of that Island, called Troynouant, thither with the leaue of his Father, and farewell to his wife, he departed, after they were married seuen yeres: where after he was arrived knowing that he should make his abode there for the space of some nine weekes, he sold his horse, and hired him a chamber, earnestly endeuouring to make speedie dispatch of his affaires, that he might the sooner enioy the sight of his desired Isabel: for did he see any woman beautifull, he viewed her with a sigh, thinking how far his wife did surpaasse her in excellencie: were the modesty of any woman well noted by her qualities, it grieved him he was not at home with his Isabel, who did excell them all in vertues.

Thus he continued al to her perfection, hauing no vacāt time neither day nor night, wherein he did not ruminatē on the perfection of Isabel. As thus his thoughts were diuided on his businesse, and on his wife, looking one day out at his Chamber window, he espied a young Gentlewoman which looked out at a casement right opposit against his prospect, who fixed her eyes vpon him with such cunning and artificiall glances, as she shewed in them a chaste disdaine, and yet a modest desire. Where (by the way Gentlemen) let me say thus much that our

Cur-

7

Greenes Neuer too late.

Curtizans of Troynouant, are far superiour in artificiall allure-
ment to them of all the world: for although they haue not the
painting of Italic, nor the charmes of France, nor the Jewels of
Spaine, yet they haue in their eyes Adamants, that will draw
youth as the Beate the straw, or the sight of y^e Panther the ermy:
their looks are like lures that will reclaime, & like Cyrces ap-
paritions, that can represent in them all motions: they containe
modestie, mirth, chastity, wantonnes, and what not? and she that
holdeth in her eis most ciuility, hath oft in her hart most dishone-
sty, being like the pyrit stone, that is fire without, & frost within.
Such a one was this merry miniō, whose honesty was as choise
as Venus chastity, being as faire as Helena, and as satiable: as
well featured as Cressida, and as crafty: hauing an eye for every
passenger, a sigh for every lover, a smile for every one that bailld
his bonnet, & because she loued the game well, a quiver for euery
Woodmans arrow. This curtizan, seeing this country Fran-
cesco was no other but a mere nouice, & that so newly, that to
byle the olde proverbe, he had scarce sene the Lions: she thought
to intrap him, and so arrest him with her amozous glances, that
she hold twing him by the purse: toherupon euery day she wold
stand out at her casement, & there dicouer her beauties. Frances-
co, who was like the flie that delighted in the flame, and conected
to feed with his eye on this beauteous Curtizā, tilted at her with
interchange of glances, and on a day to try the finenesse of his
wit with a poeticall sury, began thus to make a Canzone.

CANZONE.

As when the Sunne late Lordly in his prilde,
Not shadowed with the vail of any cloude,
The welkin had no racke that seem'd to guide,
No duskie vapour did bright *Phæbus* shroude,
No blemish did eclipse the beauteous skie,
From setting forth heauens secret searching eye
No blustering wind did shake the shadie trees,
Each leafe lay still and silent in the wood,
The birds were muscill; the labouring Bees,
That in the summer heaps their winters good,

Plied

The first Part.

Plied to the hives sweet honey from those flowers,
Whereout the Serpent strengthens all his powers.
The Lyon laid and stretcht him in the fawnes,
No storme did hold the Leopard from his prey
The fallow fields were full of wanton Fawnes,
The plow-Twaines neuer saw a fairer day:
For every beast and bird did take delight:
To see the quiet heauens to shine so bright.
When thus the windes lay sleeping in the Caues,
The ayre was silent in her Concaue speare,
And Neptune with a Calme did please the slaues,
Ready to wash the neuer drenched Beare,
Then did the change of my affects begin,
And wanton loue assaid to snare me in.
Leaning my backe against a lofty pine,
Whose top did cheeke the pride of all the ayre:
Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts, mine eie,
Vpon the Sun, the fairest of all faire:
What thing made God so faire as this, quoth I?
And thus I muzed vntill I darkt mine eye.
Finding the Sun too glorious for my sight,
I glanst my looke to shun so bright a lampe:
With that appard an obiect twice as bright,
So gorgeous as my senses all were damp't,
In *Ida* richer beautie did not win,
When louely *Venus* shew'd her siluer skin.
Her pace was like to *Juno*s pompous straines,
When as she sweeps through heauens brasse-paued way,
Her front was powdred through with azurd veynes,
That twixt sweet *Roses* and faire *Lillies* lay:
Reflecting such a mixture from her face,
As tainted *Venus* Beautie with disgrace:
Arctophylax the brightest of the starres,
Was not so orient as her christall eyes,
Wherein triumphant sate both Peace and Warres,
From out whose arches such sweete saueur flies,
As might reclaime *Mars* in his highest rage,
At beauties charge his fury to asswage.

Greenes Neuer too late.

The Diamond gleames not more reflecting lights,
 Painted with fierie Pyramides to shine,
 Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,
 Darting fire out the Chrystall of her eyne,
 Able to set *Narcissus* thoughts on fire,
 Although he swore him foe to sweete desire;
 Gazing vpon this Lemman with mine eye,
 I felt my sight vaile bonet with her lookes,
 So deepe a passion to my heart did flie,
 As I wastrap't within her luring lookes,
 Forc't to confesse, before that I had done,
 Her beautie farre more brighter then the Sunne.

Francesco hauing thus in a poetickall humour pleased his fan-
 cie, when his leasure serued him, would to make prooue of his
 constancie interchange amorous glances with this faire Cur-
 tizan, whose name was Infida, thinking his inward affections
 were so surely grounded on the vertues of his Isabel, that no ex-
 terior proposition could effect any passion to the contrary: but at
 last he found by experience, that the fairest blossomes are soonest
 nipt with frosts, the best fruit soonest touched with Caterpill-
 lers, and the ripest wittes most apt to be ouerthelone by loue.
 Infida taught him with her lookes to learne this that the eye of
 the Basiliske pierceth with preiudice: that the iuyce of Celido-
 nie is sweete, but it fretteth deadly: that Circes cups were too
 strong for all Antidotes, & womens flatteries too forceable to
 resist at volunarie: for she so snared him in her perfection, inso-
 much that he thought her second to Isabel, if not superiour dal-
 ling thus with beautie, as the flye in the flame: Venus willing
 to shew how forceable her influence was, so templed with op-
 portunitie, that as Francesco walked abroad to take the ayre he
 met with Infida gabbing abroad with certaine her companions,
 who like blazing starres shewed the markes of inconstant mi-
 nions: for she no sooner beheld nere Francesco, but dyng her
 face with a Vermilion blissh, and in a wanton eye hiding a
 fained modestie, she saluted him with a low courtesie. Seignior
 Francesco, that could well skill to court all kinde of degress, lest
 he might then be thought to haue little manners, returning, not
 onely

The first part.

only her curtesses with his bonnet, but taking Infida by the hand, began thus: Faire Mistresse, and if mine eye be not deceived in so bright an object; mine overthwart neighbour, having often sene with delight, and coveted with desire to be acquainted with your sweet selfe, I cannot now but gratulate fortune with many thanks, that hath offered such fitte opportunity to bring me to your presence, hoping I shall find you so friendly, as to crave that we may be moze familiar. She that knew how to entertaine such a young novice, made him this cunning reply. Indeed sir, neighbourhood craves charitie, and such affable Gentlemen as your selfe, deserve rather to be entertained with curtisse, then reiected with disdain. And therefore sir, what private friendship mine honour or honesty may afford, you above all (that hitherto I have knowne) shall command. Then Mistresse (quoth he) for that every man counts it credite to have a patronesse of his fortunes, and I am a meere stranger in this City, let me finde such favour, that all my actions may be shadowed under your excellencie, and carry the name of your Servant, ready for requitall of such gracious countenance, to unsheath my sword in the defence of my Patronesse for ever. She that had her humour fitted with this motion, answered thus, with a looke that had bene able to have forced Troylus to have bene trothless to his Cressida: How kindly I take it, Seignior Francesco, for so I understand your name, that you proffer your service to so meane a Mistresse, the effectuall favour that shall, to my poze abilitie, gratifie your curtisse, shall manifest how I account of such a friend. Therefore from henceforth Infida entertaines Francesco for her servant: and I (quoth he) accept of the beauteous Infida as my Mistresse. Upon this, they fell into other amorous prattle, which I leave off, and walked abroad while it was dinner time. Francesco still having his eye upon his new Mistresse, whose beanties he thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues, to exceed all that yet his eye had made surcease of. Doating thus on this new face with a new fency, hee often wung her by the hand, and brake off his sentences, with such deepe sighs, that she perceived by the weather-cocke, where the wind blew: returning such amorous passions, as she seemed as much entangled, as he was enamoured.

Greenes Neuer too late.

Well, thinking now that she had baited her hook, she would not cease while she had fully caught the fish. She began thus to lap the traine. When they were come nere to the City gates she staid on a sudden, and straining him hard by the hand, and glancing a look from her eyes, as if she would hath shew sorrow, and craue affection she began thus smilingly to assault him.

Servant, the Lawyers say, the *assumpsit* is neuer good, where the partie gines not somewhat in consideration: that seruice is bolde, where it is not made fast by some fee. Well therefore your eye should make your minde variable, as mens thoughts follow their sights, & their looks waiver at the excellencie of new objects, and so I lose such a servant: to tie you to a stake with an earnest, you shall be this day my guest at dinner: then if hereafter you forget your mistress, I shall appeale at the barre of loyaltie, and so condemne you of lightnesse. Francesco that was tied by the eie, and had his hart on his halpenny, could not deny her, but with many thanks accepted of her motion, so that agreed, they went all to Infidues house to dinner, where they had such chere, as could vpon the sudden be provided. Infida giuing him such friendly and familiar entertainement at his repast, as wel with sweet pattle, as with amorous glances, that hee rested captiue within the labyrinth of flatteries: After dinner was done, that she might tie him from parting, shee thought to set all her twits vpon Ela. Therefore she tooke a Lute in her hand, and in an angelicall harmony warbled out this conceited Wittie.

Infidues Song.

Sweet Adon darst not glance thine eye,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
 Vpon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pittie me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

See how sad thy Venus lies,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
 Loue in heart, and ceases in eyes,

The first part.

Je vous en prie, pittie me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,

Thy face is faire as *Paphos* brookes,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Whercin fat cy baites her hookes,

Je vous en prie, pittie me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy cheekes like cherries that do grow,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Amongst the Westerne Mounts of snow,

Je vous en prie, pittie me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy lips vermillion full of loue,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,

Thy necke as siluer, white as doue,

Je vous en prie, pittie me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thine eyes like flames of holy fires,

N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Burne all my thoughts with sweet desires

Je vous en prie, pittie me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

All thy beauties sling my hart,

N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
I must die through *Cupids* dart,

Je vous en prie, pittie me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Greene's Neuer too late.

Wilt thou let thy *Venus* die,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Adon were vnkind, say I,
Je vous en prie, pittie me:
N'oseres vous mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

To let faire *Venus* die for woe,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
 That doth loue sweet *Adon* so,
Je vous en prie, pittie me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

While thus Infida sung her song, Francesco sate, as if with Orpheus melody hee had beens inchaunted, hauing his eyes fixed on her face, and his eares attendant on her musick, so that hee yielded to that Syren. which after soze't him a fatall shiptozacke. Infida laying away her Lute, after fell to other pzattles. But because it grew late in the afternoone, Francesco, that was called away by his vrgent affaires, toke his leaue: whereat Infida seemed very melancholy, which made our yong Scholler halfe mad, yet with a solemne congé departing, he went about his businesse: whereas our cunning Curtizen, seeing her noutce gone, began to smile, and said to her companions, that shee had made a good market that had caught such a tame sole. Als pwe yong Gentleman (quoth she) he is like to the leanes in Egypt, that as they spring without raine, so they burne at the sight of the fire: so to the Swallowes, that thinke every Sunne shine Summers day. Hee was neuer long waiter in Venus Court, that counts euery smile a fauour, & euery laugh to be true loue: but it is no matter. hee hath noze of pence. and I will sell him: many passions, untill I leaue him as empty of corne, as my selfe is void of fancy. And thus leaning her iessing at her newe intertained Seruant, againe to Francesco, who after hee had made dispatch of his businesse, got him home to his lodging: where sitting solitary in his chamber, he began to call to remembrance, the perfections of his new Epistrix, the excellent propozition of her

The first part.

her phisnomy, her stature, voice, gesture, vertues (as he thought) ruminating vpon every part, with a plaubite. At last as he was in this pleasing suppose, he remembred his sweet Isabel, whose beautie and vertue was once so precious, that betwene his old loue, and his new fancie, he fell into these passions. Ah Francesco, whether art thou carried with new conceits: shall thy fruits be more subject to the southerne blights, then thy blossomes? shall thy middle age be more full of folly then thy tender yeres? wilt thou loue in thy youth, and lost when thy dayes are halfe spent? Men say, that the Cedar, the elder it is, the straighter it growes: that Narcissus flowers, the higher they spring, the more glorious is their hiew: and so should Gentlemen, as they exceed in yeres, excell in vertues: but thou Francesco art like to the Halcyones, which being hatcht white as milke, grow to be as blacke as Yeat: the ponge Hocks haue a muscail boyce, but the old a fearefull sound. When thou wert of small age, men honoured thee for thy qualities, and now in yeres, shall they hate thee for thy vices? But to what end tendes this large preamble to check thy fondnesse, that must leaue to lone, and learne to lost? What leaue to lone Isabel, whose beautie is diuine, whose vertues rare, whose chastitie loyall, whose constancy vntainted? And for whom? for lone of some vnknotwne Curtizan. Consider this, Francesco, Isabel for thy sake hath left her Parents, forsaken her friends, reiected the world, and was content rather to brymke pouerty with thee, then possesse wealth with her Father. Is she not faire to content thine eye, vertuous to allure thy minde? Say, is she not thy wife, to whom thou art bound by law, lone, and conscience and yet wilt thou start from her: what from Isabel? Didst thou not vow that the heauens should bee without lamps, the earth without beasts, the world without Elements, before Isabel should be forsaken of her Francesco? And wilt thou prooue as false as she is faithfull? Shall she like Dido cry out against Aeneas: like Phillis against Demophoon? like Ariadne against Theseus, and thou be canonized in the Chronicles, for a man full of periturie? Oh consider Francesco whom thou shalt lose, if thou lovest Isabel, and what thou shalt gaine, if thou winnest Infida: the one being a louing wife, the other a scattering Curtizan. Hast thou read Aristotle, and findest thou not

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not in his Philosophy, this sentence let vnto me?

*Omne animal irrationale ad sui similem diligendum
natura dirigitur.*

And wilt thou that art a creature endued with reason, as thou art excellling them in wisdome, exceede them in bruttice. Hast thou turned ouer theliberal Sciences? & hast thou not found them all haue not found this generall principle, that vniuersity is the essence of amity; & yet wilt thou make a diuision in the greatest sympathy of all lones? Nay Francesco, art thou a Christian, and hast tasted of the sweet fruits of Theology. & hast not read this in holy writ, pend downe by that miracle of wisdome Salomon, that he which is wise should respect the strange woman, and not regard the sweetnesse of her flattery?

Desire not the beautie of a strange woman in thine heart, nor be not intrapped in her eye-lids:

For through a whorish woman, a man is brought to a morsel of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man.

Can a man take fire in his bosome, and not be burnt? or can a man tread vpon coales, and not be scorched?

So he that goeth to his neighbours wife, shall not be innocent whosoeuer toucheth her.

Men doe not despise a theefe, when he stealeth to satisfie his soule: but if he be found, he shall restore seauen-fold, or giue all the substance of his house.

But he that committeth adultery with a woman, is destitute of vnderstanding; he that doth it, destroyeth his owne soule.

He shall sin de a wound and dishonour, and his reproach shall neuer be put away.

If then, Francesco, Theology tels thee such axioms, wilt thou strue against the streame. & with the Decree, side against the winde? Wilt thou swallow by sinne with greedinesse, that thou must be punished without repentance? Nay, Francesco, come to the wise of thy youth and drinke the pleasant waters of thine owne Well. And what of all these frivolous circumstances? Wilt thou measure every action with Philosophy, or every thought with diuinitie? When shalt thou liue in the world, as a man hated in the world. What, Francesco, be that is afraid of every bush, shall neuer pzooue good huntzman; & he that

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that at every gust puts to the Le, shall never be good *Saniga-
to*. Thou art now, Francesco, to be a Lover, not a Divine, to
measure thy affections by Ouids principles, not by rules of theo-
logy, and time present will thee to love Infida, when thou canst
not looke on Isabel, distance of place is a discharge of Duty, and
men haue their faults, as they are full of fancies. What, the
blinde eates many a die, and much water runnes by the mill
that the Miller neuer knowes of, the euill that the eye sees not,
the heart rues not, *Caste, si non caute*. Thus Francesco, Isabel hath
not Lynceus eyes, to see so farre. Therefore while thou art res-
ident in London, enioy the beautie of Infida, and when thou art
at home, enely content thee with Isabel, so with a small fault
halt thou fully satisfie thine owne affections. Thus Francesco
loved himselfe, & did *In uiramus aurem dormire*, caring little
for his good, as long as he might please his new Goddess, and
making no exception of a wife, so he might bee accepted of his
Paramour. To effect therefore the desired ende of his affects,
he made himselfe as neat and quaint as might be, and hied him
home to his new Mistresses house, to put in practice that which
himselfe had purposed, whether in the afternoone arriving, he
vnderstood by her Chamber-maide, that she was at home and
solitary: by her therefore he was conducted to Infidas Closet.
where he found her seeming melancholly, and thus awakned her
from her dumps.

Faire Mistresse, haile to your person, quiet to your thought,
and content to your desires. At my first comming into your
Chamber seeing you sit so melancholy, I thought either Diana
late musing on the principles of her modesty, or Venus ma'e-
content, dumping on her amours: for the shew of your vertues
represents the one, and the excellence of your beautie discouers
the other: but at last, when the glister of your beautie sur-
passing them both, reflected like the pride of Phœbus on my
face, I perceiued it was my good Mistresse, that discontented
late in her dumps: wherefore, as your bounden seruant, if
either my word or sword may free you from these passions,
I am here ready in all actions howsoeuer princiually, to
show the effect of my affection. Infida glad to see her Lover
in this Labyrinth: wherein to binde him sure, she taking

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him by the hand, made this wily answer.

Swart servant, how discontent soeuer I seeme, dismay not you: for your welcome is such as you can wish, or the sinceritie of my heart afford: womens dumps grow not euer of a preiudicial mis-hap, but oft-times of some superficial melancholy, imposed with a frowne, and shaken off with a smile: hauing sorrow in their faces, and pleasure in their hearts: resembling the leaues of the Liguozice, that when they are most full of dew without, are then most drye within. I tell you, seruant, women are wily cattell, and therefore haue I chosen so good a Heardsman as your selfe, that what our wantonnesse offends, your wisdom may amend. But trust me, Francesco, were I wronged by Fortune, or iniured by any Foe, the promise of such a Champions were sufficient to arme me with disdain against both: but rest satisfied, your presence hath banished all passions, and therefore you may see, seruant you are the Loadstone, by whose vertue my thoughts take all their direction. Bring thus pleasant, wee let Francesco downe by her, and hand in hand interchanged amorous glances. But he that was abash't to discouer his minde, in that, some sparks of honesty still remained in his heart, sate tormented with lone and feare, prickt forward by the one to discourse his desires, kept backe by the other from bittering his affections. Thus in a quondary he sate like one of Medusæes changelings, till Infida seeing him in this suddaine amaze began thus to shake him out of his passions.

Now Segnior Francesco, I see the old adage is not alwayes true, *Consulenti nunquam caput doluit*: for you that rest alleaged perswasions of mirth, are now ouergrown with melancholly. When an extreme sorrow followes a pleasant calme, then the effects are metaphysicall, and where such a violent dumpt of cares is sequence to such an extasie of ioyes, either I must attribute it to some apoplexie offences, or some strange alteration of passions. Francesco, the open dampe by, hath the greatest heate, fire suppress, is most forcible, the streames stoppt, either breake through or ouerflow, and sorowes concealed, as they are most passionate, so they are most peremptorie. What Francesco? spit on thy hand, and lay hold on thy heart: one pound of care payes not an ounce of debt: a friend to reucale, is a medicine to relieve:

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cellene: discover thy griefs, and if I be not able to redresse with wealth, although what I haue is at thy command, yet I will attempt with counsaile, either to perswade thee from passions, or intreate thee to patience: say Francisco, and feare not, for as I will be a friendly counsellor, so I will be a faithfull concealer.

Our young Gentleman hearing Infido apply such lenitive plaisters to his cutting cozelines, thought the patient had great hope, when the Physitian was so friendly; he therefore with a demure countenance beginning Louer-like his preamble, with a depe sigh courted her thus.

Faire Mistresse (quoth he) if I faile in my speeches, thinke it is because I faint in my passions, being as timorous to offend, as I am amorous to attempt: when the object is offered to the sense, the sight is hindered *Sensibile sensus oppositū, nulla sit sensatio*: Mars could neuer play the Orator, when hee wrong Venus by the hands: no; Tully tell his tale, when his thoughts were in Terentiaes eyes: Louers are like to Heben blossomes, that open with the dew, and that with the Sun; so they in presence of their mistresse haue their tongues tyed, and their eyes open, pleading with the one, and being silent in the other; which one deserveth thus.

Alter in alterius insistentes lumina vultus,

Quarabant taciti nosse ubi esset amor.

Therefore sweet Infido, what my tongue utters not, thinke conceited in my hart: and then thus: since first my good fortune, if thou fauourest me or my aduerser destinies, if I finde thee contrary, brought mee to Troynouant, and that these ouer daring eyes were entertained into those gorgeous objects, know, that Cupid lying at aduantage, so snared me in thy perfections, that euer since euery sense hath rested imperfect. For when I marked thy face more beauteous then Venus, I surueyed it with a sigh, and mine eye purtraied it with a passion: when I noted thy vertues, then my minde rested captive: when I heard thy wit. I did not onely wonder, but I was so wraapt in the Labyrinth of thine excellence, that no starre, but Infido could be the guide whereby to direct my course With then faire Mistresse you, and none but you, haue robbed me of my affections, harbour not in such a swarte body a hard heart, but doe me iustice, let me haue

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longer for lone, lest I complaine my desires to be equiuolent to my desires and thinke my fortunes to be sharper then my loner. Thinke Infida, faults in affections are but light follies: Venus hath whine: to Madde her trewants, and Cupids wings are shelters, for such as venture too farre to content their thoughts. Minnes busine are halfe pardoned, and lone requires not cha- stitie, but that her booke lers be charie. When thinke (sweet Infida) if thou grant my desire, how carefull I will be of thy honoꝝ, rather ready to abioe the pceindice of life, then to brooke the disparagement of thy same: In lein therfore of my loyall service, grant me that swete gift, which as it begins in amity, can no way take end but in death: otherwise I shall be forced to accuse my fortunes, accuse my frowardnesse, and expect no other hap, but a life full of miseries: or a death full of martyrdomes. With this passion ending his plea, he dissolued into such sighes, that it discovered his inward affection, not to be lesse then his outward protestation.

Infida noting the perplexitie of her Loner, concealed his griefe with great top: yet that she might not be thought too forward, she seemed thus froward: and though her thoughts were more then his desires, and that her mind was no lesse then his motion, yet pulling her hand from his, she made this fro'wning reply.

What Francesco, when the Tyger hunte:h for his prey, both he then hide his clawes? Is the Wyrt stone then most hot, when it loketh most cold? Are men so subtile, that when they seeme most holy, they are farthest from God: can they vnder the shadow of vertue, couer the substance of banitie, and like Ianus be double-faced, to present both faith and flattery? I had thought (seruant when I entertained the: for thy curtesie, I should not haue had occasion to shake thee off for thy boldnesse, nor when I likte the: for thy affable simplicitie, I should haue mistiked the: for thy secret subtiltie: What, Francesco, to desire such a grant as may, if thou wert wise, neither stand with thy honesty to intend, nor with my honour to effect. Tell me Francesco, hath either my countenance bin so curteous, that it might promise such smal curiositie, or my loke so lasciuious, that thou mightest hope to finde me so lawissh, or my actions so wauering, or my disposition so full of humanity, that my honoꝝ might seeme some to be assan-
ted,

The first part.

fed, and some sacked? If I haue (Francesco) bin faulty in these follies, then will I sake to amend, wherin thou saiest I haue made offence: if not, but that thou thinkest so; that I am a woman, I am easie to bee won with promises of loue, and protestations of loyalty, thou art (swart servant) in a wrong bore, & fittest farre beſſe the cusion: so; I passe of my hono; more then life, and would rather to haue the title of honesty, then the dignitie of a diuorcedme: cease then, vnlesse thou wilt surcease to haue my fauor, & content thee with this, that Infida allowes of thee so; lone, not so; lust: & yet if she should tread her shoe awry, would rather yield the spoile of her hono; to her seruant, then to the greatest prince of the world. Francesco, though he was a nouice in these affaires and was nipped on the head with this sharpe repulse, yet he was not so to take the blowe so; the first stroke, nor so ill a woodman, to giue ouer the chase at the first default, but that he prosecuted his purpose thus. I am s-vrie (faire goddess of my deuotion) if my presumption hath giuen any offence to my swete mistress. so; rather then I should but procure a frowne in her forehead, I would haue a deepe wound in my owne heart; counting rather to suppress my passions with death, then to disparage my credite with so good a patronesse. Therfore though my desires be extreme, my affections great, and my loues such as can take no ende but in your fauours, yet I rest vpon this, Infida hath commaunded me to cease. & I will not dare so much as to prosecute my suite, although euery passion should be a purgatorie, and euery daies deniall a moneths punishment in hell: with that he set downe this period with such a sigh, that as the Pariners say, a man would haue thought al would haue split againe. This cunning Cortizan bring afraid, with this checke to haue quatted the queasie stomacke of her loner, desirous to draw to her that with both hands, which she had thrust away with her little finger, began to be pleasant with Francesco thus.

What seruant are you such a fresh water souldier, that you faint at the first skirmish: feare not man, you haue not to deale with Mars, but with Venus, and her darts of deniall, as they picke sharpe, so they pierce little, and thunderbolts do affright, not pierce. Feare no man, a womans hart and her tongue are not relatiues: tis not euer true, that what the heart thinketh,

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eth the tongue clacketh. Venus strokes are tempered wth Rose-water. & when she hath the greatest wrinkle in her brow, then hath she the sweetest dimple in her chinne: he blithe man, a faire heart neuer wou faire Lady. Francesco hearing his Mistress thus pleasant 'oke Opportunitie by the forehead & dealt so with his lobda, that befoze he went, all was well, she blusht not, nor he basht, but both made vp their market with a faire of kisses: which sympathy of affections bred the poore Gentlemans overthow, for he was so snared in the wily trammels of her alluring flatterie, that neither the remembrance of his Father, the care of his childre, the fauours of his friends, or the feare of disrepute, could in any wise hale him from that hell, whereinto, through his owne folly, he was fallen.

Where, by the way (Gentlemen) let vs note the subtiltie of these Syrens, that with their false harmony perswade, and then preiudice, who bewitch like Calypso, and inchant like Circes, carrying a shew, as if they were Vestals, & could with Amalia carry water in a line. when they are flat Curtisans, as far from honesty, as they are from deuotion. At the first, they carrie a faire shew, resembling Calisto, who hid her vanities with Diames baile, hauing in their looks a coy disdain. but in their hearts a hot desire, denying with the tongue, and enticing wth their lookes, reflecting in words and alluring in gestures, and such a one (Gentlemen) was Iulida. who so plesed Francesco wth her flattering satones, that as the yron followes the Adamant, the straw the Reet, & the Heliotropus the beames of the Sunne, so his actions were directed after her eye, and what she said. Good for a principie, insomuch that he was not onely ready in all submissions humours to please her fancies, but willing for the least word of offence, to draw his weapon against the stoutest Champion & all Treynouant. Thus seated in her beautie, he liued a long while, forgetting his returne to Caerbrack, til on a day sitting musing with himselfe, he fell into a deepe consideration of his former fortunes and present follies: whereupon taking his Lute in his hand he sang this Roundelay.

Francescos

The first part.

Francescoes Roundelay.

Sitting and sighing in my secret muse,
As once *Apollo* did, surprisde with loue;
Noting the slipperie wayes young yeeres doe vse,
What fond affects the prime of youth doth moue.
With bitter teares despairing I doe crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When wanton age, the blossomes of my time,
Drewe me to gaze vpon the gorgeous sight,
That beautie pompous in her highest prime,
Presents to tangle men with sweete delight,
Then with despairing teares my thoughts doe crie;
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When I surueyd the riches of her lookes,
Where-out flew flames of neuer-quenchd desire,
Wherein lay baits that *Venus* snares with hookes,
Or where proud *Cupid* fate all arm'd with fire:
Then toucht with loue my inward soule did crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The milke-white *Galaxie* on her brow,
Where loue doth dance *Ianoltas* of his skill,
Like to the Temple where true louers vow,
To follow what shall please their Mistris will,
Noting her Iuorie front: now doe I crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Her face like siluer *Luna* in her shine,
All tainted through with bright Vermilion straines,
Like Lillies dipt in *Bacchus* choycest wine,
Powdred and interseamd with Azur'd vaines,
Delighting in their pride; now may I crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The

Greenes Neuer too late.

The golden wires that checkers in the day,
 Inferior the tresses of her haire,
 Her Amber trammels did my heart dismay,
 That when I lookt, I durst not ouer-dare:
 Proud of her, now am I forst to cry,
 Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

These fading beauties drew me vnto sin,
 Natures great riches framde my bitter ruth,
 These were the traps that loue did snare me in,
 Oh these, and none but these haue wrackt my youth,
 Misle-led by them, I may depauring cry,
 Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

By these I slipt from vertues holy tracke,
 That leades vnto the highest Christall Spheare,
 By these I fell to vanity and wracke,
 And as a man forlorne with sin and feare:
 Despaire and sorrow doth constraime me cry,
 Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Although this sonnet was of his ready inuention, and that he
 uttered it in the bitterness of mind, yet after he had past ouer his
 melancholy, and from his solitary was fallen into company, he
 forgot his patheticall impression of vertue, and like the dog, did
redire ad vomitum, & fell to his owne vomite, resembling those
 Grecians, that with Vliesses drinking of Circes drugges, lost
 both foyme and memoize. Well, his affaires were done, his horse
 sold, and no other businesse now rested to hinder him from hy-
 ing home, but his Spittillie, which was such a violent detainer
 of his person, and thoughts, that there is no heauen but Infidels
 house where although he pleasantly entred in with delight, yet
 cowardly he slipt away with repentance. Well, leaving him to
 his new loues, at last to Isabel, who dailie expected the comming
 home of her best beloued Francoisco: thinking every houre a
 pære till she might see him, in whom rested all her content. But
 when (poore soule) she could neither see her sight with his pre-
 sence,

The first part.

sence nor his eares with his letters, she began to loathe, & grew so discontent, that she fell into a fever. Fortune that meant to try her patience, thought to pzone her with these tragical netues. It was told her by certaine Gentlemen her friends, who were her husbands priuate familiars, that he ment to sojourne most part of the yeare in Troynouant: one blunt fellow amongst the rest that was plaine and without falshood, told her the whole cause of his residence, how he was in love with a most beautifull Gentlewoman called Infida, and that so deeply, that no perswasion might reuoke him from that alluring Curtizan. At this, Isabel made no account, but tooke it as a frivolous tale, and thought the worse of such as buzzen such fantastical follies into her eares: but when the generall report of his demeanours was bruited abroad throughout all Caerbranceke, then with blinching cheekes, she hid her face, & grieving at his follies and her owne fortunes, smothered the flames of her sorowes with inward conceit, but outwardly withstood such insatirical tearmes, as did inough against the honesty of Francesco, so that she wonne great commendations of all for her loyaltye and constancy: yet when she was gotten secret by her selfe, her heart full of sorowfull passions, and her eyes full of teares, she began to meditate with her selfe of the prime of her youth bowd to Francesco, how she forsooke Father, friends, and Country, to be a paramour vnto her hart's paragon: The vowes he made, when he caried her away in the night, the solemne promises & protestations that were uttered. When she had pondered all these things, then she called to minde Aeneas, Demophoon, and Theseus, and matcht them with Dido, Phillis, and Ariadne, and at last sighed thus: And shall it be so betwene Isabel and Francesco? No, thinke not so (fond woman) let not iealousie blind thee, whom loue hath indued with such piercing insight: for as there is no content to the stoutnesse of loue, so there is no despaire to the preiudice of iealousie: whereupon to shake off all fancies, she toke her Citterne in her hand, and sung this verse out of Ariosto.

*Che piu felice e piu incundo stato,
Che vincer piu do lee e piu beato,
Sarmi deferuire uno amoroso cuore*

H

Glie

Greene's Neuer too late.

*The d'esser in seruitud amore,
Se non fuisse huomo sempre stimolato,
Da quell'ario timore, da quella frenesia,
Da quella rabbia, della ielozia.*

Yet as women are constant, so are they easie to belauie, especially truth: and so it fell out with Isabel, for shee (poore soule) could take no rest. her head was so troubled with these netues, hammering a thousand humors in her braine: how shee might know the certaintie of his follies, and how shee might reclame him from his new entertained affection. She considered with her selfe, that men allure Woues by the beautie of the house, and relations: Watkes by the sairenes of the lure: & that loue toynd with vertue, were able to recall the most straggling Aeneas to make sailes againe to Carthage. Thus (quoth shee to her selfe) suppose he be false in loue with a Curtizan, & that beautie hath giuen him the braine: what shall I bitterly condemne him? No: as he was not the first, so he shall not be the last. What, yonk will haue his swinge, the bylar will be full of prickles, the nettie will haue his sting, and yonk his amours: men must loue, and will loue though it bee both against law and reason, a crooked Ipen will proue a straight tre, the Juniper is sowre when it is a twig and swete when it is a tre: time changeth manners, and Francesco, when hee entred into the condition of a flattering Curtizan will forsake her, and returne penitent & more louing to his Isabel. Thus like a good wife she considered all to the best: yet she thought to put him in minde of his returne, and therfore she writ him a letter to this effect.

Isabel to Francesco, health.

If Penelope longed for her Vlysses, thinke, Isabel wiseth for her Francesco, as loyall to thee, as shee was constant to the wilde Greeke, and no lesse desirous to see thee in Caerbrancke, then shee to enioy his presence in Ithaca, watering my cheekes with as many teares, as shee her face with plaints: yet my Francesco, hoping I haue no such cause as shee, to increas her cares:

The first part.

For I haue such resolution in thy constancy, that no Circes with all her enchantments, no Calypso with all her sozceries, no Syren with all her melodies could peruert thee from thinking on thine Isabel. I know Francesco, so deeply hath the faithfull promise and loyal bowes, made & interchanged between vs, taken place in thy thoughts, that no time how long soeuer, no distance of place howsoeuer distant, may alter that impression. But why doe I inferre this needlesse insinuation to him, that no vanity can alienate from vertue? let me, Francesco, perswade thee with other circumstances. First my sweet, thinke how thine Isabel lies alone, measuring the time with sighes, & thine absence with passions counting the day dismall, and the night full of sorowes, being euery way discontent, because she is not content, with her Francesco. The onely comfort that I haue in thy absence is thy child, who lies on his mothers knee, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a tower, but when the boy says, *Wam, where is my Dad, when will he come home?* Then the calme of my content, turneth to a present flame of peircing sorow, that I am sometime forced to say: Unkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabel, I hope, Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults that procure this long delay. For if I knew my follies did any way offend thee, to rest thus long absent, I would punish my selfe both wth outward and inward penance. But howsoeuer, I pray thy health, and thy speedie retorne, and so Francesco farewell.

Thine more then her owne, *Isabel.*

She hauing finished her letters, conueyed them speedily to Troye nouant, where they were deliuered to Francesco, who receiving them with a blush, went into his study, & there burst the Seales with a sigh, perceiuing by the contents, that Isabel had an inkling of his unkinde Tones, which braue him into a great quandary, that deeply entering into the insight of his lasciuious life, he began to stirle a remorse in his conscience, how grieuously he had offended her, that had so faithfully loued him. Oh, quoth he, shall I be so ingrate as to quitance affection with frande? So unkinde as to weigh downe loue with discourtesie? to giue her a worde that presents me a flower, and to beat her with netles

Greene's Nener too late.

ties, that perfumes me with Roses: consider with thy selfe Francesco, how deeply thou dost sin. First, thou offendest thy God in choosing to wanton a Goddesse: then thou dost wrong thy wife, in preferring an inconstant Curtizan before so faithfull a Paramour: yet Francesco, thy Haruest is in the grasse, thou mayest stop at the brym, because thou hast neuer touched the bottome. What men may fall, but to wallow in wickednesse is a double fault. Therefore recall thy selfe, reclaime thy affections: Is not thine Isabel as faire? Oh if she be not, yet is she more vertuous. Is not Isabel so witty as Infida? Oh, but she is more constant: then art thou so mad, to preferre drosse before gold, a common flint before a choise diamond, vice before vertue, fading beauty before the excellent inward qualities? As, Make off these follies, and say both in mouth and heart, None like Isabel. This he said by himselfe, but when he went forth of his Chamber, and espied his Mistresse looking out at her window, at this gace changed, and the case was altered: she called, and in he must, and there in a leass scott at his wifes letters, taking his Infida in his armes, and saying, I will not leaue this Troy for the chastest Penelope in the world.

Thus he soothed himselfe in the sweetnesse of his sin, resembling the Leopards that feed on Sparrowes while they live, or the people Hyperborei, that sit so long and gaze against the Sunne, till they become blind: so he doted on the perfection of Infida, till it grew to his utter pzeiudice; for no reason could diuert him from his damned intent, so had he drowned himselfe in the degrees of lust: insomuch that he counted it no sin to offend with so faire a Saint: alluding to the saying of the holy Father:

Consuetudo peccandi tollit sensum peccati.

Thus did these two continue in the Sympathy of these sins, while Isabel rested her at home, content in this, that at last she would be reclaimed, and till then she would vse patience, saying *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*. Allowing thus in the folds of their own follies, Fortune, that meant to experience the forces of loue, dealt thus conceitedly. After these two Lovers had by the space of thre yeares securely slumbrd in the sweetnes of their pleasures, and drunk with the surfeit of content, thought no other heauen but their owne supposed happines: as euery stonemason

The first Part.

bath his calme, and the greatest Spring-tide the dearest ebbe, so faced it with Francesco: for so long went the pot to the water, that at last it came broken home, and so long put he his hand into his purse, that at last the empty bottom returned him a witt of *Non est in mentis*: for well might the Diuell daunce there, for ever a crosse there was to keepe him backe.

Tell this louer fuller of passions then of pence, began (when he entred into the consideration of his owne estate) to mourne of the chine, & to hang the lip as one, that for want of sounding had strooke himselfe upon the bands: yet he covered his inward sorrow with outward smiles, and like Ianus, presented his Spi-rits with a merry looke, when the other side of his visage was full of sorowes. But she that was as good as a touch-stone to trie mettals, could strait spie by the Lead where the thooe wounding him: and seeing her Francesco was almost soundjed, thought to see if a skillfull Farrier might mend him; if not, like an unthankfull Dickney-man, she meant to turne him into the bare Reas, and set him as a tired Yade to picke a Wallet.

Upon which determination, that she might doe nothing rashly, she made inquirie into his estate, what linings he had, what Lands to sel, how they were, either tied by Statute, or intaild. At last, through her secret and subtille inquisition, she found that al his coine was on the flize, that his shay were elipt, & the wool sold: to be short, that what he had by his wife, could neither bee sold nor mortgaged, & what he had of his owne, was spent upon her, that nothing was left for him to live upon but his wits. This newes was such a cooling card to this Curtizā, that the extreme heate of her loue was already growne to be like-warine: which Francesco might easlie perceiue: for at his arrivall, his welcome was more strange, her lookes more coy, his fare more slender, her glances lesse amorous: and she seemed to be insidid in propo- sition, but not in wanted passions.

This uncoutly disdain made Francesco marvel, who yet had not entred into her deceits, nor (being simple of himselfe) had ever yet experient a Strumpets subtilty: he imputed therefore his mistresse copness to the disemperature of her body, and thought that being not well, it was no wonder though she gave him the lesse welcome.

Greene's Neuer too late.

Thus pore notice, did he consider every thing to the best, until time presented him with the truth of the worst: for in worst time, his Hosts called for money, his creditors threatened him with an arrest his cloathes wast thread-bare, and there was no more come in the mint to amend them. Where upon a day, sitting in a great dampe by his Infida, who was as soleme as he was sorrowfull, he burst forth into these speeches.

I have read (sweet Loue) in the Aphorismes of Philosophers, that beate suppressed, is more violent, the streame stoppt, makes the greater deluge, and passions concealed, procure the deeper sorowes. Then if *Contrarium contraria est ratio*, there is nothing better then a bolome-friend, with whom to conferre vpon the iniurie of Fortune. Finding my selfe (Infida) full of Patches, as stung to the quick, inuenedomed with the Tarantula of hart sick toiments I thinke no medicine fitter for my malady, then to be cured by the musickall harmony of thy friendly counsaile. Know then, Infida, that Troynouant is a place of great expence, like the serpent Hidolpis, that the more it sucks, the more it is a thirst, eating men aliue as the Crocodile: and being a place of as dangerous allurement, as the seat where the Syrens sit and chaunt their preiudiciall melody. It is to young Gentlemen like the Labyrinth, whereont That us could not get without a thread, but here be such monstrous Pinotaires as first deuoure the thread, & then the person. The Innnes are like Pot-houses, which by little & little sweat a man into a consumption: the Host he carries a pint of wine in the one hand, to welcome, but a poniard in the other to stab: and the Hostes she bath smiles in her forehead, and provides good meate for her guests, but the sauce is costly, for li farre exceeds the cates. If cogne want, then either to Limbo, or else clasp vp a commoditie (if so much credit be left) where he shall finde such knots, as hee will neuer be able, without his bitter preiudice, to untie. Brokers, I leane them off, as too course were to be mouthed with an honest mans tongue. These Pinotaires, faire Infida, haue soraten me vp in this Labyrinth, as to be plaine with thee that art my second selfe, I want, and am so farre indebted to the Percer and mine Hostes, as either thou must stane my friend to disburse so much money for me, or else I must depart from Troynouant, and

The first Part.

so from thy sight, which how p̄cious it is to me, I refer to thine owne conscience: or for an *Ultimum vale*, take vp my lodging in the Counter, which I know, as it would be vncouth to me, so it would be grieuofull to thee, and therefore now hangs my welfare in thy will. How loth I was to bitter vnto thee my want and sorrow, measure by my loue, who wish rather death, then thy discontent.

Inbda could scarce suffer him so long a period, and therefore with her soze-head full of furrowes, she made him this answer. And would you haue me (sir) buy an ounce of pleasure, with a faine of mishaps, or reach after repentance with so high a ratee haue I lent thee the blossoms of my youth, & delighted thee with the p̄ims of my yeeres? hast thou had the spoile of my virginittie, and now wouldest thou haue the sacke of my substance? when thou hast withered my person, sp̄mest thou at my wealth? No sir, no know, that for the lone of thee, I haue crackt my credit, that neuer before was stained. I cannot looke abroad without a blush, nor go with my neighbours without a scruple, thou and thy name is euer cast in my dish, my soes laugh, and my friends sorrow to see my follies: wherfoze seeing thou beginnest to pick a quarrel, and hereafter, when thine owne base Fortunes haue brought thee to beggery, wilt say, that Inbda cost thee so many Crownes, and was thine ouerthrow: anant Honice, home to thine owne wife, who (poore Gentlewoman) sits & wants what thou consumest at Tanerns. Thou hast had my despoile, and I feare I beare in my belly, the token of too much lone I owed thee: Yet content with this discredit, rather then to runne into further extremity, get thee out of my doores. for from henceforth thou shalt neuer be welcome to Inbda. And with that she stung vp, and went into her Chamber. Francesco would haue made a reply, but she would not heare him, nor hold him any moze chat. Whereupon with a flea in his eare, he went to his lodging, there ruminating on the number of his follies, and the hardnes of his fortunes. seeing his scoze great, his coine little, his credit lesse: weighing how hardly he had bled his Isabel: at last, leaning his head on his hand, with teares in his eyes, he began to be thus extremely passionate. Now Francesco, *Piscatorius sapiens*, experience is a true Sp̄itrisse, but she maketh her scholars

tread

Greenes Neuer too late.

tread vpon thoznes, hast thou not leaped into the ditch, which thou hast so greedily desired to reach? Oh note thou first the difference betwene loue and lust: the one full of contented pleasure, the other of pleasing miseries: thy thoughts were feathered with fancies & whither did they flie: so far, that they freed themselves, and thou rest consumed. Oh, Francisco, what are women? If they be honest, Saints, the purity of nature, the excellence of vertue, the perfection of earthly content. But if they be Courtezans and Strumpets, Oh, let me breathe before I can utter the depth of such a monstrous description: they be in shape Angels, but in qualities devils, painted Sepulchers with rotten bones, their foreheads are Balloons of mis-fortunes, their eyes like comets, that when they sparkle, foreshew some fatal disparagement, they allure with amorous glances of lust, and kill with bitter looks of hate, they haue dimples in their cheeks to deceive, and wrinkles in their browes to betray, their lips are like to the honey-combs, but who tasteth the drops is impoysoned: they are as cleere as Christall, but abuse them, and they are as infectious as the Diamond, their teares are like the Arconit that the Hydra wept: they present as Deianira, shirts for presents, but who so puts them on, consumes like Hercules; they lay out the folds of their haire, and intangle men in their tresses, playing the horse-leach, that sucketh while they burst, betwene their breasts is the bale of destruction, and in their beds, oh there is sorrow, repentance, hell and despaire. They consume man alive, and alive at his substance, not his perfection, like Eagles, that only flie thither where the carion is; they leade men to hell, and leave them at the gates. To be briefe, they are ingratefull, periured, vntrue, inconstant, flitting, full of fraud and deceitfull, & to conclude in one word, they be the very refuse of natures excrescements. Oh Francisco, what a satyricall inuective hast thou uttered? I may best (quoth he) for I haue bought euery principle with a pound. What now rests for this poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to end all these miseries, and that is this: draw thy rapier, and so die, that with a manly resolution thou mayst preuent thy farther misfortunes. Oh, although thou hast sinned, yet despaire not, though thou art Anathema, yet proue not an Ayeist: the mercy of God is aboue all his works,

The first part.

works, and repentance is a precious balm. Home to thy wife,
to the wife of thy youth, Francesco, to Habel, who with her pati-
ence will cover all thy follies: remember this, man, *Nunquam*
sera est ad bonos mores via.

Thus he ended, and with very griefs fell in a slumber. At this
the Palmer breathed, & made a stop, & a longer period. His host
desirous to heare out the ende of Francescoes fortunes, wished
him to goe forward in his discourse. Pardon me, sir, quoth the
Palmer, the night is late, and I haue travelled all the day: my
belly is full, and my bones would be at rest: Therefore, for this
time, let thus much suffice, & to morrow at our vp-rising, which
shal be with the Sun, I wil not only discourse vnto you the end
of Francescoes amours, of his returne home to his wife, and his
repentance, but manifest vnto you the reason why I aimed my
pilgrimage to Venice. The Gentleman and his wife very loth to
be tedious to the good Palmer, were content with his promise:
and so, taking vnto the candle, lighted him to bed where he leaues
him. And therefore, as soone as it may be, (Gentlemen)
looke for Francescoes further Fortunes, and after
that, my Farewell to Follies: and then,
adue to amorous Pam-
phlets.

FINIS.



The second part of Greenes Nener too late.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

Newer did Phœbus burnish the heauen with his brightnes, and deckt in a glorious diademe of Chri- solites, had mounted him on his coach to lighten the Lampe that maketh Flora beauteous, but the Palmer was by, and at his Disons, being as deuout in his thoughts, as hee was mindfull of his travels: walking in the garden all alone, and seeing the Sunne now peeping out of the East, hee began to meditate with himselfe of the state of man, comparing his life to the length of a span, of the campasse of the Sunn, who rising bright & Dyent, continueth but his appointed course, & that oftentimes shadowed with so many clouds, and stained with a fable veile of such thick fogs, that he is more darkned with shadowe, then beautified with light: & if it fortune his shine is without blemish, yet he setteth & that more oft in a folde of cloudes, then in a clere skie: a man borne in the pride of beauty, of pomp of wealth, he his honours equal with his fortunes, and he as happie as Augustus, yet his life hath but his limits, and that clogged with so many cares and crosses, that his daies are more full of miseries, then of pleasures; and his disaster mishaps, are more then his prosperous fortunes: but if the stars grace him with all fauorable aspects, & that he liue full of content, in many honours and much wealth, yet his prime hath his autumn, his faire blossomes turne to tawny leaues, age will shake him by the shoulder, and nature will haue his due, that at last he must set with the Sunn, and perhaps in such a cloud of sinne, as his rising may be in a shadowe of sorowes. Thus did the Palmer meditate with himselfe, being penitent for the follies of his youth that at last thinking to be as muscull to himselfe, as the birds were melotons; he chaunted out this Dec.

The second part.

The penitent Palmers Ode.

VV Hilome in the winters rage,
A Palmer old and full of age,
Sate and thought vpon his youth,
With eyes, teares, and hearts ruth,
Being all with cares y'blent,
When he thought on yeares mis-spent,
When his follies came to minde,
How fond loue hath made him blinde,
And wrapt him in a field of woes,
Shadowed with pleasures shewes,
Then he sighed, and said, Alasse,
Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.
I thought my Mistresse haire were gold,
And in her locks my heart I sold:
Her Amber tresses were the sight,
That wrapped me in vaine delight:
Her Iuory front her pretty chin,
Were stales that drew me on to sin:
Her starry lookes, her Christall eyes,
Brighter then the Sunnes arise:
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yokt my thoughts and my desire,
That I gan cry ere I blin,
Oh, her eyes are paths to sin,
Her face was faire, her breath was sweet,
All her lookes for loue were meete:
But loue is folly: this I know,
And beutie fadeth like to snow.
Oh why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossome like a dew doth glide?
When these supposes toucht my thought,
That world was vaine, and beauty nought,
I gan to sigh, and say, Alasse
Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.

The Palmer hauing ended his Ode, sate in a great dunp in
the garden, when his Vass accompanied with his wife, desirous

Greenes, Neuer too late.

to heare out Francescos fortunes, were came into the place, and gaue him the bon iorno thus: Courteous Palmer, a kinde salute to waken you from your mornings meditation: I see you heape the Proverbe for a principle; to bed with the Be, and vp with the Lark: no sooner the Sun is in the skie, but you are at your Devotions, either ruminating passions, or penances: either some old remembrance, or some new reuerie. What a ner (gentle Palmer) tis no manners to enter too farre into your thoughts, and therefore leaning your secrets to your selfe, *Come fiat la vostra signori a quest amatoria*. The Palmer that had leaured a little broken Italian, seeing his honest Host in such a merrie mood, made this answer: *Io sto bon signor diu merce, ringratiandoni sonamenti di vostra grande cortesia*, holding it fit for my fortunes to haue many cares, and little sleep, that my penance may be great, sth my sinnes are many: long sleepers are for idle persons, not for penitent Palmers, & stout dreames are no instances of hartie deuotion: therefore doe I watch with the mouse, to argue my selfe miserable, and introyne my selfe to much paines, because I am combred with many passions.

This morning entring into this Garden, I saw by the works of nature the course of the world: for when I saw Floras glozie that bp in the foldes of Iris fraiones, I began to consider, that the pride of man was like the pomp of a flower, that to day gloyes in the field, and to morrow in the soynace: that we be like the flie Hemera, that take life with the sunne, and die with the dew: that our honours are compared to the bloffomes of a Cedar, which vanishe ere they begin to burnish, & all our triumphs, like characters written in soote, that printed in a vapour, at the least Sun-shine discover our vanity, for they are as soone melted as our pleasures are momentarie. Tied by fates to this tickle state, we haue nothing more certaine then to die, nor nothing more vncertaine then the houre of death: and therefore when I call to minde the follies of my youth, how they haue ben tickled with vice, I comet in the flower of my yeares, to repent and amend: for

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

You doe well Sir (quoth the Gentlemen) in all your actions to consider the end: for he that soe repents, soe seeks many perils:

The second part.

riches:hap I mist is a great fault, and after-wits are bitten with many sorowes:theresore,such as grieue at their follies, & comt to p[re]uent dangerous fortunes,they which take an antidote of grace against the deadly aconiton of sinne, and with p[re]sent remorse p[re]uent ensoing vanities, such indeed, as they liue well, shall be blessed. But leauing this humo[ur] till another time, you may se by our early rising,how my wife and I were delighted with your eueninge parlar:so trust me,fr,desire of Francescoes further fortunes,made vs thus watchfull, & theresore s[ee]ing the morning is gray, and our longing great, and yet a good while to breakfast, if your leisure may afford so much, I pray you sit downe, and tel vs what was the end of his loves, and the effects of his repentance. The Palmer very willing to please his courteous Host, sate him downe in an Arbour, and began thus.

The Palmers Tale of Francesco.

As soone as Francesco awakt from his slumber, & began to enter further into the cōsideratiō of Infidels coulenage, his heart throbbed at his follies, and a p[re]sent passion of his great misfortunes so pained him, that all perplexed, he began againe to sing his former song, & to say, that womens thoughts were like to the leaues of a Date tree, that change colozs with the wind in a moment, figuring out sorow with teares, and in that instant deciphering pleasure with smiles: neither too resolute with the Stoicks, to yeld to no passions, nor too absolute with the Essens, to surfeit with ouermuch chastity: their desires (quoth he) resemble Solus forehead, that next euery stone contains a calme: their words are Almanackes, that decipher nothing but uncertaintie: either too scrupulous with Daphne to contemne all, or too voluptuous with Venus to desire all: & straight, neither flesh nor all as the Hippocrite, but time-pleasers, to cōtent themselves with varied fancies. In this humours melancholy he roled by, & ranged about the city, despairing of his estate as a man peniled, & theresore impatient, because he knew not how to redresse his miseries: to rely vpon the help of a Cartesian, he saw by experience, was to hang hope in the ayre: to stand vpon the fauour of friends, that was bootlesse:so he had row in the City, as being but a stranger there, & such as had, were won with an Apple: trencher.

Greene's Nener too late.

frencher. friends, & therfore to be left with the puffe of the least
 blast of aduersities. To go home to his wife to saire Isabel, that
 way as hard a censure as the sentence of death: for shame of his
 follies made him ashamed to shew his face to a woman of so high
 deserts. In this perplexity he passed ouer three or foure daies, till
 his purse was cleane empty, his score great, & his hostesse would
 trust him say no more money but threatned him, if present pay-
 ment were not made, to lay him in prison. This newes was hard
 to Francesco, that knew not how to annoyd the preiudice, only his
 refuge was to present such a misfortune, to carry his apparel to
 the brokers, & with great losse to make money to pay for his diet:
 which once discharged, he walkt vp & downe as a man forlorne,
 hauing neither coine nor credit, necessity that stingeth vnto the
 quick, made him set his wits on the tenter, & to stretch his brains
 as high as Eli, to see how he could recover pence to defray his
 charges by any smoother meanes, to salue his sorowes: the care of
 his parents and of his owne honour perswading him from mak-
 ing gaine by labo: he had neuer bin brought vp to any mecha-
 nicall course of life. Thus euery way destitute of means to liue,
 he sighed out this old said saw, *Miser. mū est suis sic beatum*: yet
 at last, as extremities search very far, he called to mind that he
 was a scholler, and that although in these dayes art wanted ho-
 nor, & learning lackt his due, yet good letters were not brought
 to so low an ebbe, but that there might some profit arise by them
 to procure his maintenance. In this humo: he fell in amongst a
 company of Players who perswaded him to try his wit, in writ-
 ting of Comedies, Tragedies, or Pastorals: and if he could per-
 forme any thing worth the Stage, thē they would largely reward
 him for his paines. Francesco glad of his motion, seeing a meanes
 to mitigate the extremity of his want, thought it no dishonor to
 make gaine of his wit: or to get profit by his pen: and therfore
 getting him home to his chamber, wrote a Comedy, which so ge-
 nerally pleased all the audience, that happy were those Actors in
 that time, that could get any of his wozkes, he grew so exquisite
 in that faculty. By this meane his want was relieved, his cre-
 dit in his hostes house recovered, his apparel in greater quantity
 then it was, and his purse well lined with crownes.

At this discourse of Francesco, the Gentleman toke his guest
 by

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by the hand, & broke off his tale thus. Now gentle Palmer, seeing we are fallen by course of practise to packe of plaies, I without offence, doe me that fauour to shew me your iudgement of plaies, play-makers, & players. Although (quoth the Palmer) that some for bring too sauish against that faculty, haue for their satyricall inuectiues bin wel canuaased: yet seeing here is none but our selues, & that I hope what you heare shall be trodden under foote, I will flatly say what I can, both even by reading and experience. The inuention of Comedies were first found amongst the Greeks, and practised at Athens: some thinke by Menander, whom Terence so highly commends in his *Heauton-timoroum-ton*. The reason was, that vnder the couert of such pleasant, & Comickall euents, they aimed at the ouerthrow of many vanities that then reigned in the citie: for therein they painted out in the persons the course of the world, how either it was graced with hono^r, or discredited with vices: there might you see leuelled out the vaine life that boasting Thrasos vse, smoothed by with the selfe-conceit of their owne excellence; the miserable estate of conuictious parents, y rather let their sons taste of any misfortunes, then to releue them with the superfluity of their wealth: the portraiture of parasittical friends, which souldyng Gentlemen subtilly in their follies, as long as they may: *Ex eorum sullo viuere*, was set out in liuely colours. In those Comedies, the abuse of Balwds that made sale of honest virgins, and liued by the spoile of womens hono^rs, was deeply discovered; to be short, Lechery, Conuolusnes, pride selfe loue, disobedience of Parents, & such vices predominant both in age and youth were shot at, not only with examples & instances to seade the eye, but with golden sentences of mo^rall wo^rks, to please the eare. Thus did Menander win hono^r in Greece with his wo^rks, and reclaime both old and yong fro^m their vanities, by the pleasant effects of his Comedies. After him this faculty grew to be famous in Rome, practised by Plautus, Terence, and other that excelled in this qualitie, all aiming as Menander did, in all their wo^rks to suppress vice, & advance vertue. Now so highly were Comedies esteemed in those daies, that men of great hono^r & grane account were the Actors, the Senate & the Consuls continually present, as audito^rs at all such spo^rts, rewarding the Autho^r with rich rewards according

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to the excellencie of the Comedie. Thus continued this facultie famous, till conetousnes crept into the qualitie, and that meane men giddy of gaines, did fall to practise the acting of such plays, and in the Theatres presented their Comedies but to such onely as rewarded them wel for their paines, when thus Comedians grew to be mercenaries, then men of account left to practise such pastimes, and disdained to haue their honours blemishd with the stain of such base and vile gaines: insomuch that both comedies and Tragedies grew to lesse account in Rome, in that the free sight of such sports was taken away by conetons desires: yet the people (who are delighted with such nouelties & pastimes) made great reioy, paid largely, & highly applauded their doings, insomuch, that the Actors by continuall vse, grew not onely excellent, but rich and insolent. Amongst whom in the daies of Tully, one Roscius grew to be of such exquisite perfection in the facultie, that he offered to contend with the Orators of that time in gesture, as they did in eloquence, boasting that he could expresse a passion in as many sundry actions, as Tully could discourse it in variety of phrases: yea so proud he grew by the daily applause of people, that he looked for honour and reuerence to be done him in the streets: which selfe conceit when Tully entred into with a piercing insight, he quipt at in this manner.

It chanced that Roscius and he met at dinner, both guests brought Archias the Poet, where the proud Comedian dared to make comparison with Tully: which insolence made the learned Orator to grow into these termes: why Roscius, art thou proud with Elops Crow, being pranced with the gloze of others feathers: of thy selfe thou canst say nothing, & if thy Cöbler hath taught thee to say, Ave Caesar, disdain not thy tutor, because thou pratest in a kings chamber: what sentence thou utterest on the stage, flowes from the censure of our wits, and what sentence or conceit of thy inuention the people applaud for excellent, that comes from the secrets of our knowledge. I grant your action, though it be a kind of mechanickall labour, yet well done, tis worthy of praise: but you worthyless, if so small a toy you waxe proud. At this Roscius waxt red, and bewrayed his imperfection with silence: but this checke of Tully, could not keepe others from the blemish of that fault, for it grew to a generall vice among the Actors, to excell

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excel in pride as they excelled in excellencie, & so haue it in the streets, as they bzag it on the stage: so that they reuel'd it in Rome in such costly robes, that they seemed rather me of great patrimony, then such as liued by the fauor of the people. When Publius Seruilius very well noted, for her bring the sonne of a Senator, and a man very valiant, met on a day with a Player in the streets richly apparell'd, who so farre sozgate himselfe, that hee tooke the wall of the yong noble man; which Seruilius taking in disdain, countercheekt with this scrump: my friend (quoth he) be not so bzag of thy silken robes, for I saw them but yester day make a great shew in a brookers shop. At this the one was ashamed, and the other smild, and they which hard the quip, laught at the folly of the one, and the wit of the other. Thus he haue you heard my opinion bzicly of playes, that Menander deuised them for the suppressing of vanities, necessary in a common wealth, as long as they are vsed in their right kind: the playmakers woorthy of honor for their Art: and players, men deseruing both praise and profit, as long as they way neither couetous, nor insolent. I haue caused you sir (quoth the gentlemán) to make a large digression, but you haue resolued me in a matter that I long doubted of, & therfore I pray you, againe to Francesco. Why then thus, quoth the Palmer, after he grew excellent for making of Comedies, he way not only bzane, but full of Crownes: which Infida hearing of, & hauing intelligence what course of life he did take, thought to cast forth her lure to reclaime him, though by her vnhindnes he was proued haggard: for she thought that Francesco was such a tame swie, that he would be bzought to strike at any stalle: decking her selfe therfore as gorgeously as she could. painting her face with the choise of all her bzings, she walked abroad where she thought Francesco vsed to take the aire: Loue & Fortune toyning in league, so sauozed her, that according to her desire she met him. At which incounter, I gesse, more for shame then loue, she blusht: & sild her countenance with such repentant remorse (yet hauing her lookes full of amorous glaunces) that she seemed like Venus, reconciling her selfe to froward Mars. The sight of Infida was pleasing in the sight of Francesco, and almost as deadly as the Basiliske: that had he not had about him Moly as Vlysses, hee had bene enchanted by the charmes of that wile

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Circes: but the abuse so stuck in his stomack, that she had proferd him in his extremitie, that he returned all her glances with a frowne, and so parted. Infida was not amazed with his angry mode, as one that thought lones fornaice of force to heat the coldest Amatisse: & the sweet woordes of a woman, as able to dazle on desire, as the Sirens melody the passengers. What (quoth she) though for a while he be cholerick. Beauty is able to quench the flame, as it sets harts on fire: as Helens faults angered Paris, so her favours pleased Paris: though she were false to Menelaus, yet her faire made him bryke her folles. Women are privileged to haue their woordes & their will, & whom they kill with a frowne, they can reuue with a smile. Thus, Francesco is not froward, but he may be wonne, he is no Saturnist to beare anger long, he is soone hot & soone cold; cholerick, and kind hearted: who though he be scolded away with bitter woordes, he will be reclaimed againe with sweet kisses: a womans teares are Abasment & men are no harder then Iron, and therefore may be beaten to pittie their passions. I will saue, flatter, and what not, to get again my Francesco: for his purse is full, & my coffers war empty. In this humour, taking pen, & paper, she wrote a letter to him to this effect.

*Infida to Francesco what he wants in health
or wealth.*

IF my outward penance (Francesco) could discover my inward passions, my sighes bewray my sorowes, or my countenance my miseries, then should I looke the most desolate of all as I am most distressed of all, & the sorrowes in my face be numberles, as the griefes of my hart are matchlesse. Wnt as the feathers of the Halcyones glitter most against the forest storme & Nilus is most calme against a deluge, so the sorrowes of my mind are so great that they smother inwardly, though they make no outward appearance of mis-hap. All these miseries Francesco grow from the consideration of mine owne discourtesie, for when I think of thy countance, thy faith, thy feature, & thy beauty: and weigh with my self how all these bestowed vnto Infida, they were lost by the disloyalty of Infida, I call it in question, whether I had better despaire and die, or in hope of thy fauour, linger out my life. Penance of free will, merits pardons of course, & griefes that grow from remorse

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more deserue to be salued with ruth: I cōfesse, Francesco, that I wronged thee, & therfore I am wrong at the hart: but so doth the Idea of thy perfection, and the excellence of thy vertues frame a restlesse passion in my heart that although thou shouldst bow to loath me, I cannot cease to loue thee. Oh, consider, women haue their faults, & act that in an houre, they repent al their life after. Though Mars & Venus babbled, they were friends after brawls, for a Louers iarre ought not to be a perpetual discorde, but like a sun-shine shewre, that be it neuer so sharp, is accounted no storm: forgive & forget Francesco then hartily, that I repent so deeply: grace thy Infida againe with one smile, ease her impatient passions with thy swēt presence: & assure thy self, she wil satisfie with loue, what she hath offended with folly. Wounds that are broken, & after set againe, are the more stronger. Where the Wāch tree is cut, there it growes most hard: reconciled friendship is the sweetest amitie. Then be friends with thy Infida: looke on her, & but visit her: and if she win not thy loue with her words, & shew her selfe so penitent that thou shalt pardon, then let her perish in her owne misfortunes, and die for want of thy fauour. Farewell.

Thine euer despairing Infida.

THis letter she sealed by, & sent it by a secret friend to Francesco, who at the first, knowing from whence it came, would scarcely receiue it: yet at last, willing to heare what humor had made the Courtizan write vnto him, he broke ope the seales, and read the former contents: which when he had thoroughly perused, he found himselfe perplexed: for the cunning of her flattery made the poore man passionate, insomuch that sitting doونه with the letter in his hand, he began thus to meditate with himselfe: Why dost thou vouchsafe, Francesco, to looke on her letters that is so lewd: to view her lines that are powdered with flattery, to heare her charmes that seekes thy preiudice, to listen to such a Calisto that aimes only at thy substance, not at thy person?

While thou wert poore, her forehead was full of sorrowes, & in her looks sat the storms of disolaine: but whē she sees thou hast feathered thy nest, and hast crotons in thy purse, she would play the Hoarse-leach to suck away thy wealth: & now would she be thy harts gold while she left thee not one dram of gold. Oh Francesco,

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co, she hides her claws, but looks for her prey with the Tigger. She twapes with the Crocodile, and smiles with the Viena, and flatters with the Panther. & vnder the covert of a sugred bait, shewes the intent of thy bane. Knowest thou not, that as the Warbledrops against raie, so their teares foze-point mischiefe? that the fauors of a Cortizan are like the songs of the Goshopper, that euer foretell some fatall disparagement?

Beware then Frances. (*Piscator illius sapit*) she hath once burnt thee, feare fire with the child: she hath crost thee with disoaine, co-uet not with desire: hate her, for in lothing such a one, thou louest thy God. Returne not with thy dog to thy vomit, walke not with swine in the mire, forsee not the best, and follow the worst. And yet Francesco, trust me, she is faire, beautifull, and wise: 3 but with that a Cortizan: perhaps she will now loue thee faithfully: if she do, fond man, is not her hartie liking hatefull lust? dangerous to the body, and damnation to the soule. Was a saying not so common as true, that hee which looketh continually against the Sun, shall at last bee blind, that whose handleth pitch, must needs be defiled: the tree that abideth many blaks, at last falleth by the Carpenters axe: the bird that striketh at euery Ale, cannot long escape the snare: so long goeth the pitcher to the broke, that at last it comes broken home: & he that securely swimmeth in sinne, shall surely be drowned in iniquity, whose bindeth two sinnes together, shall neuer be reneged in the one, and hee that delighteth to offend in youth, shall no doubt feele the punishment.

Quod desertur, non auferitur. Though God for a time suffer a man to walke in his owne wickednesse, & to say vnto his soule, Tush, the Lord regardeth not the way of sinners, nor suspecteth the misdoings of men, he is slow to wrath, & prone to pittie: yet the Lord at last looketh down from heauen, and renegeth all his grifuous sinne with a heauie plague, yea he rooteth him out from the face of the earth, and his place is no moze scene. Consider then, Francesco, if the Lord suffer thee in thine iniquity, and deferre present punishment, it is because thy mercy may seme the moze, & thy sin the greater. Ha that hath the droppe, drinketh while he burneth, and yet not satisfied: the Horse-leach hath two daughters that neuer cry, Enough: whose is long with the serpent Dipsas, burneth, but can neuer be cooled, & whose is inflamed with sin, thirsteth

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thirsteth continually after wickednesse, vntill he hath supped the dregs of Gods displeasure, to his owne destruction. Beware by this, fall not into the trap, when thou seest the traine: for knowing the snare, if thou offendest against thy owne conscience, the Lord will send vpon thee, cursing, trouble, and shame in all thou settest thy hand vnto, and will not cease to reuenge, vntill thou perish from off the face of the earth. Oh, hast thou not at home an Isabel, that is the wife of thy penne, and the only friend of thy bosome, indued with such exquisite beauty & exceeding vertue, that it is hard to iudge. whether the pure complexion of her body, or the perfect constitution of her minde holds the supremacy? And is not a peccable woman, and of a good heart, the gift of the Lord? There is nothing so much worth, as a woman well instructed: a shamefast and faithfull woman is a double grace: and there is no treasure to be compared to her continent minde: but as the glistering beames of the Sun when it riseth, decketh the heauen: so the beautie of a good wife adorneth the house: & as golde pillars do shine vpon the sockets of siluer, so both a faire face in a virtuous mind. Shall the feare of God then, Francesco, be so far from thine eyes, as to leaue thy own wife, and embrace a Curttisan, to leaue the law of God, and suffer thy hart to be subuerted by lust? The Lion so abhorreth this crime, as he killeth the Lynesse, for committing this fact. The Scooke neuer meddleth but with his mate. The Iacynth stone wil not be woyn on the finger of an adulterer: nor the Olive grove, if planted by one that leadeth his life in b-lawfull lusts: and wilt thou set thy selfe more careless in this crime then bynite beasts? more rechelesse then vnreasonable creatures? more sencelesse then stones? pra far lesse in vertue then a man? and far more in vice then a beast? Then will the Lord looke downe from heauen, and plague thee with a heauy curse. At this clause standing a great while in a maze, at the last he slept to his standish, and wrote this answer.

Francesco wisheth to Infida, remorse of conscience,
and regard of honesty.

I have read thy letters, Infida, wherein I hoped to haue found more honesty and lesse vanity, a signe of better thoughts, and liues of more remorse: else had I left them sealed, as I couet to leaue thee vnseen. But I perceine, as no time wil alter the Pa-

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ther from his sports, the mouse from her feare, nor the tigre from his fiercenes: so neither date nor reason will change the conditions of a Curtizan. Thou wishest thou hast not liberty enough to sin, enioyned by some overthwart, neither to be more honest then thou wouldst be; which is as great penance to one of thy trade, as a long pilgrimage to a sorrowful Pilmer. A teare in a strumpets eye, is like heat-drops in a bright sunshine: as much to be pittied, as the Crocodile when she weeps: a Curtizans laughter is like to lightning, that beautifies the heauen with a blaze, but sojourns stormes and thunder. Art thou in loue with Francesco? mary gepe Siglet, thy lone sits on thy tongus end, ready to leape off as soone as thy mouth opens, & thine honesty hangs at thine eye, which falls away with euery wicke: thou art lannegled with my beauty, that is, because thou hearest I haue a rich purse not a faire face: for thou valuest as much of beauty without pence, as a horse of a faire stable without pessenger. Thou art entised by my vertues: I wonder how that word vertue comes in thy mouth, when it is so farre from thy heart, and yet no maruell, for the most infectious serpents haue sweetest breaths, and commonest Curtizans, the most carterous speeches.

Thou wouldst haue me grace thee with my presence, and renew our old friendship: so I will, when I meane to giue my body to the Chirurgion, and my soule to the Diuell; for in louing thee, I must needs grant this Legacy. Thy reason is, that bones once broken, vnited againe, are the strongest: I would thy necke might make the experience, and then I would trust the instance. But why pester I so much paper to so lewd a person? as I found thee at the first, I leane thee at the last euen empty goyg'd, to bait at a full purse, incontinent, false perjured, as far from God, as thou art a friend to the diuell. And so adue.

Francesco penitent, and therefore a
persecutor to Curtizans.

After he had writtē this letter, he sent it to Isida, who reading it, and seeing she could get no fauour at the hands of Francesco that wrought she neuer so subtilly, yet her trains were discovered, that her painted lins could not make him stope, so had he with reason reteller his former folly: w^{ch} she perceived, I say that all her sweet potions were found to be poisons, though she

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she covered them neuer so clarkly. she fel not in despair with o-
uermuch lone but swore in her self to intēd him some secret pre-
iudice, if euer it lay in her by any meanes to procure it: but lea-
uing her to the iustice of him that posseth the deēds of such impe-
nitent persons in his ballance. and committing Francesco to the
making of some strange Comedy, I will shew you how Fortune
made an assault to the vaine affection of faire Isabel.

The discourse of Isabels Fortunes.

Isabel lining this pensue, in that she wanted the presence of
Francesco, yet for her patience and vertue grew so famous,
that all Caerbranke talked of her perfections: her beauty was
admired of euery eye, her qualities applauded in euery mans
care, that she was esteemed for a patterne of vertuous excellence
throughout the whole Citty. Among the rest that censured of
her curious favours, there was one Signior Bernardo, a Burgo-
master of the Citty who chancing on a time to passe by the doze
where Isabel sojourned, seeing so sweet a Saint, began to fall en-
amoured of so faire an object: and although he was old, yet the
fire of lust crept into his eyes, and so enflamed his heart, as with
a disordinate desire he began to affect her: but the renown of her
chastity was such, & it almost quatted those sparks that heated
him on to such lawlesse affectiō. But yet when he called to mind
that want was a great stumbling block, and saw the necessity
that Isabel was in, by the absence of Francesco, he thought gold
would be a ready meanes to gaine a womans good will, & there-
fore despaired not of obtaining his purpose. After that this Sig-
nior Bernardo had observed the exquisite perfection of her body &
how she was adorned with most speciall gifts of nature, he was
so snared with the fetters of lasciuious concupiscence, as reason
could not redresse, what lust had ingrafted: his aged yeeres pel-
ded into vanity, so he turned away his mind from God, not da-
ring to lift up his eyes to heauen, lest it should be a witness of his
wickednes: or a corollue to his guilty conscience: for the remem-
brance of God is a terror to the unrighteous, and the sight of his
creatures is a sting to the minde of the reprobate. He therefore
willing his binelish heart to be perplexed with such hellish passi-
ons carelessly cast of the feare of God from before his eyes, nei-
ther remembering that he was an Elder to giue god counsell, nor

a Judge

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a Judge in the city, to minister right: his hoary haire could not
 hale him from sinne, nor his calling convert him from filthinesse,
 but he greedily dronke vp the drags of vnrightheousnes, and care-
 fully busied his brains to oppresse the simple, and to obtaine his
 purpose, laid his plot thus. Being the chiefe Burgo-master in
 all the city, he determined to make a priue search for some sus-
 pected person: and being master of the watch himselfe, to go by
 into her chamber, and there to discover the depth of his desire: so
 he thought to iorne loue and opportunity in one vniou and with
 his office and his age, to wipe out all suspicion. Age is a Crowne
 of glozy when it is adorne with righteousnesse, but the drags of
 dishonoz when it is mingled with vnwisdom: for honourable age
 consisteth not in the tearme of yeares, nor is measured by the
 date of a mans dayes: but godly wisdom, is the gray haire, & an
 vndeiled life is the old age. The Herbage the older it is, the
 ranker smel it hath: the Sea-Star is most blacke being old: the
 Eagle the more yeres, the more crooked is her bill: and the grea-
 ter age in wicked men, the more vnrightheousnesse: which this
 Segnior Bernardo tried true: for desire made him hate delay, and
 therefore within two or thre nights, picking out a watch an-
 swerable to his wish, he himselfe (as if it had bin some matter of
 great impozt) went abroad, and to colour his folly with the bet-
 ter shadow, he searched diuers houses & at last came to the place
 where Isabel lay, charging the Host to rise, and to shew him her
 chamber. for (quoth he) I must confer with her of most secret af-
 faires. The goodman of the house obeyed willingly, as one that
 held Bernardo in great reuerence, & brought him and the watch
 to the chamber dore. Bernardo taking a candle in his hand, bade
 them al depart, til he had talked with the Gentlewoman: which
 they did: and he entring in, shutting the dore, found her fast a
 sleepe, which sight dreane the old Lecher into a maze: for there se-
 ing nature in her pride. Inst inueigled him the more, that he saw
 on the bed side a great while biewing of her beauty: at last start-
 ing vp, he awaketh her out of a sweet slumber. Isabel looking vp,
 and seeing one of the Burgo-masters in the chamber, (for Ber-
 nardo was knowne for his gravity & wealth of euery one in the
 City) she was amazed yet gathering her wits together, raying
 her by on her pillow, she did him all the dutifull reuerence she
 might

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might, wondering what wind should bring him into that place: at last the old Charle, began to aske her thus.

Bernardoes discourse to Isabel.

BE not amazed (faire Gentlewoman) to see me thus suddenly & secretly arrived, neither let my presence appall your senses: for I come not cruelly as a foe, but courteously as a friend. If my coming seems strange, the cause is as straight; & where necessity soeareth, there it is hard to strive against the stream; he that seeketh to swim against his own will, oftentimes kicketh against the prick, and he that striketh to withstand lone, hoppeth against the bill. These things considered (*Quisris Isabel*) if I offend in being so bold, your beauty shall beare the blame, as the onely cause of this enterprize: for to omit all circumstances, & to come to the matter. So it is that since first mine eye sed of your sweet favour, I have bene so perplexed with the passions of lone, & haue bene so deeply dioned in the desire of your person, that there is no torment so terrible, no paine so pinching, no woe so grielous, as the griefe that hath griped me, since I burnt in lone of your sweet selfe: with therefore my liking is such, let my liking be repaid againe with lone, let my firme fancie be requited with mutuall affection, and in lieu of my good will, consent vnto me and be my Paramour. That sinne which is secretly committed is halfe pardoned, she liueth chastly enough, that liueth charily. The chamber doore is shut, no man either can detect vs of any crime, or dare suspect vs of any folly. The credite which I carry in the Citie shall be sufficient to shrowde you from shame: my office will bee able to defend you from mistrust; and my gray haire a pumice stone to race out all suspicion, and by this small offence (*Isabel*) thou shalt both content me and purchase to thy selfe such a dutifull friend, as in all seruice thou shalt command, not onely ready to countenance thee with his credite but to furnish all thy wants with his coyne: for what treasure & gold I haue, shall be thine to vse. *Isabel* hearing this subtille serpent to breath out such wily reasons, wooing to see a man of his calling so blinded with the bale of lasciuious lust, as to blaspheme so diuellishly against his own conscience, inso much, that for a good space she sat astonished, until at last gathering her

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twis together, she burst forth into these speeches.

Isabels reply to Bernardo.

TAs a saying (Signior Bernardo) both old and true, that whoso sinneth against his Conscience, sinneth against his owne soule: and he that knoweth the law, and wilfully disobeyeth, is woorthie to be beaten with many stripes: which sentence of holy writ I wish you to consider, and it will be a sufficient cooling earde to your inordinate desire. Hath God placed you as a Burgo-master of this Citie; and so a Judge over his people to punish sinne, and will you maintaine wickednesse? Is it your office to behold the Law, and will you destroy it? Nay, are you commanded to cut off this sinne with infamie, and yet will you perswade a woman to defile her husbands bed? Is it your duty to dye vs from all uncleane lust, and will you draw me to such folly? Is this the office of a Burgo-master? or becometh such thoughts to the minde of an Elder? both the summons of death appeare in your gray head, yet fleshly desires reigne in your heart? Doth thine old age impart a cleere conscience, and your inward appetite fraught with concupiscence? Oh how pleasant a thing is it, where gratheaded men minister iudgement, and the Elders can giue good counsel! but how perillous a thing is it for the Ruler to be vnrighteous, or the Judge of the people to delight in sinne? Such a man shall haue coales heaped vpon his head, & the wrath of the Lord shall consume his heritage. Where sorts of men the Lord hates, and he bitterly abhorres the life of them, a pore man that is proud, a rich man that is a liar, and an old adulterer that boasts, and is vnchaste. Hast thou then (Signior Bernardo) so sold thy selfe vnto sinne, and sworn to worke wickednesse, that thou wilt prefer saving pleasure before lasting paine: and for the fulfilling of thy filthy lust, purchase perpetual damnation? But put case I were so carelesse of mine honoz and honestie, to yeld to thy request, should not thy selfe be a witness of my disloyaltie? would not mine owne woordes cry out for vengeance to plague my wickednesse? yea, no doubt, after thou hast glutted thy sense with the loathsomnesse of the sinne, and the spirit of man hath toucht thy heart with the pike of the offence, thou wouldest both detest me as a mirrour of immodestie, and account me for euer as a common harlot: for the Lord suffereth not the wicked
te.

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to goe unrewarded. She (saith the *Witteman*) thats common, and not content in her loue, yielding that which is proper to her husband, into the possession of another man. discouyes the Law, makes breach of her plighted troth, and lastly, plays the whoze in most bellicsh adultery: her children shall not take rote, nor her branches bring forth no fruit, her name shall be forgotten. And shall I then, knowing this, wilfully worke mine owne woes?

Shall I repay the troth, my husband reposes in me, with such trecherie? Shall such guilefull discouertesse be a guerdon for his good will? No, the feare of God is a fortresse against such follie: the loue that I beare to my husband, is a shield to fence me from such shamelesse fancy: and the care of mine owne honoz is a conserue against such lawlesse concupiscence. Whereas you say, that sinne secretly committed is halfe pardoned, & that she liueth *casie*, that liueth *caute*: that the chamber doze is shut, that no man can espie our follie, and the place so secret that the offence cannot be preiudiciall to my good name, I answer, that I more esteeme the wrath of God, then the words of men: that I dread more to commit such a fact before the sight of the Almighty, then before the eyes of all the world.

Man iudgeth but *þ* body, but God the soule: the one being but a small pinch, the other a perpetual paine. He that breaketh wedlocke, and thinketh thus in his heart, *Who seeth me?* the milke clouds haue couered mee, and I am compassed about with a fog of darknes: my offence shall not be an object to any mans eyes. neither can my doing be discerned, so I am shadowed within the iuals, whom neede I to feare? and as for the Lord, he is mercifull, and will not remember any mans sinnes: hee is slow vnto wrath, and promiseth speedily to pardon the faults of the wicked: Such a one as feareth more the eye of mortall man, then the sight of an immortal God, and knoweth not that the looks of the Lord are ten thousand times brighter then the beames of the sunne, beholding the very thoughts of men, and searching the heart and the reines, the same man shall be punished with earthly plagues, he shall suddenly be taken in his owne trap, and shall fall before the face of euery man, because he preferred his owne pleasure before the feare of the Lord. But alas, it is unfit for the young santon to leade the old buck: for a blind man to be guide to him that

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hath his sight: and as vnmete for a simple woman to instruct a Burgomaster and Elder of the Cittie. Is it my part to exhort you vnto vertue, or rather, is it not your dutie to perswade mee from vice? but I hope this proffer is but a tryall to make proofe of mine honestie, and to list out my secret intent: if otherwise, your will and your words bee one, cease your suite, for you may long gape, and yet neuer gaine that you look for. Signior Bernar- do hearing Isabel so cunningly to confute his concludive argu- ments, seeing she had infringed their reasons by the power of the law, thought to rest her vpon a higher pinne, and to lay such a blot in her way, as she should hardly wipe out: for although he knew she did rightly reuel his folly, & partly perceined her coun- saile cooled the extreme of his desires, yet the feare of God was so farre from him, that he prosecuted his intent thus.

Signior Bernardoes answer to Isabels reply.

Vhy Isabel (said hee) thinkest thou thy painted speeches, or thy hard denials shall preuaile against my pretended purpose? No, he is a coward that yeldes at the first shoule, and he not worthy to weare the bud of beauty, that is daunted with the first repulse. I haue the tre in my hand, & mean to inioy the fruit; I haue beaten the bush, and now will not let the birds flye, & sith I haue you here alone, your sterne looks shall stand for no ster- ling: but if you consent, be assured of a most trusty friend, if not, hope for no other hap but open infamy. For thou knowest, Isabel that a womans chiefest treasure is her good name, and that shee which hath crackt her credit, is halfe hanged, for death cuts off all miseries, but discredit is the beginning of all sorowes.

With then infamy is worse then losse of life, assure thy selfe, I will sting thee to the quick, for I will presently send thee to prison, and cause some ruffin in the city to sweare, that since the absence of thy husband Francesco, he hath laine with thee, and for coine v- sed thee as his concubine: so shall I blemish thine honour: tie thee to some open punishment, and make thee a laughing stocke to the world, odious to thy friends, and to line hated of thy hus- band: mine office and authoritie, my age and honour shall shad- dow my pretence and helpe greatly to frame thy pretudice. He- ing then (saies Isabel) thou shalt by consent keepe the report of thy chastite, and by deniall, gaine shame and reproch. Now thy selfe

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helfe a wise woman, and of two evils chuse the least.

Isabel hearing the mischievous pretence of this subtil sletcher, and seeing he had so cunningly laid the snare, that she could not avoid the trap, but either she must incur the danger of the bodie, or the destruction of the soule, was so dzinen into such a passionat dilemma, that she burst forth into teares, sighes, & plaints, which she blubbed forth on this wise. Alas (said she) most vile & vniust wretch, is the feare of God so farre from thy minde, that thou seekst, not onely to sack mine honoꝝ, but to sucke my blood? Is it not insurp enough that thou seekst to spoile my honesty, but that you long to spill my life? hath thy sweet loue pretended such bitter taste? Is this the fruit of your fained fancie? No doubt, the cause must bee pernicious, when the effect is so pessilent. Flatter not your selfe in this thy folly, noꝝ sooth not thy thoughts in thy lins, for there is a God that seeketh and will reuenge, and hath promised, that whoso bindeth two lins together, shall not be unpunished in the one. But what availeth it to talke of wisdom to a fooler, or of the wrath of God to a wilfull reprobate: The Charmer, charme he neuer so wisely, charmes in vaine. If the Adder be deafe: and he casteth stones against the winde, that seekes to draw the witcher from their folly: let me therefore (poore soule) moze narrowly consider mine owne case, I am perplexed with many horrible passions, and grievous troubles assaile me on every side. If I admit this crime, though neuer so secretly, yet the Lord is *Car-diagnostes*, & pierceth into the very thoughts, and mine owne conscience will bee a continuall witnesse against me of this wickednesse: *Stipendium peccati mors*: then what other hap can I hope for, but perpetuall damnation, sith God himselfe hath promised, to be a swift witnesse against all wilfull adulterers? If I consent not vnto this vnrightheous wretch, I am like to bee vniustly accused of the like crime, and so shall I, bring guiltlesse, haue my honoꝝ ener blemisht with infamy. By this meanes, what a discredite shall I bring to my parents, to my husband, and my children: the hoarie haire of my Father shall bee brought with sorrow vnto the grane, Francisco shall be ashamed to shew his face in the streets of the Citie, and my poore babes shall bee counted as the seed of an harlot, and yet alas I my selfe altogether faultlesse. Why, my secret offence shall present all this open shame:

Greene's Neuer too late.

The Lord is slow to wrath, and his mercy exceeds all his works: He wisheth not the death of a sinner: and hearty repentance pacifieth his displeasure. But O vile wretch that I am, why doe I blaspheme thus against the Lord & his law? Why doe I breathe out these hellish speeches? can I say, I wil repent at my pleasure? O! what I therefore sinne, in hope, because the Lord is mercifull? No, no, it is better for me to fall into thy hands, and not commit the offence, then to sinne in the sight of the Lord. Shall I not rather feare God than man: and dread him more that killeth both soule and body, than him that hath power to kill the body onely? Yet his feare shall be thy defence. And with that she raised her selfe vp, spitted in his face, wishing him to doe his worst: where-vpon hee called by the watch, and commanded her to make her ready for, she should to prison. Her host wondering what the cause should bee, as a man praiseth her actions, and the vertue of her life, would haue giuen his word for her, that she should the next day answer whatsoeuer should be objected against her: but his word would not be taken, for Bernarde was full of fury, and carried her away to prison: where she deeply grieved, & yet smothering her sorrow with patience, she lay the rest of the night: the next morning, as soone as the day brake, she cald for pen and inke and wrote this mournfull Sonnet.

Isabels Sonnet that she made in prison.

Veritas non querit angulos.

No storme so sharpe to rend the little Reede,
For sild it breakes, though euery way it bend.
The fire may heat, but not consume the flint,
The gold in furnace purer is indeede.
Report that sild to honour is a friend,
May many lies against true meaning mint:
But yet at last,
Guilt shauers blast,
Truth doth the silly faultlesse soule defend.

Though false reproach seekes honor to distaine,
And enuy bites the bud though nere so pure:

Though

The second part.

Though lust doth seeke to blemish chaste desire,
Yet truth that brookes not fallhoods slanderous staine,
Nor can the spite of enuies wrath endure,
Will trie true loue from lust in iustice fire,
And maugre all,
Will free from thrall
The guiltlesse soule that sets his footing sure.

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honest minde :
Where chaste intent is free from any misse,
Though enuie stroue, yet searching Time,
With piercing insight will the truth out finde,
And make discouerie who the guiltie is,
For time still tries
The truth from lies :
And God makes open what the world doth blind.
Veritas temporis filia.

Isabel wetting her Bonnet with tears, & pronouncing euery line with a sigh, sate in a dump. Whilst the fame of this fact was spread abroad throughout all Caerbrancke, euery man began sundry coniectures as affection led them: her friends sorrowing, suspected the cankered mind of the Burgomaster: yet for his calling, durst not discouer their suspicion: her foes laughing, said, that dissembled holines was a doubled sin, that the holiest countenance hath not alwayes the honestest conscience: both friend and foe notwithstanding wondring at the strange chance, seeing her outward actions, did manifest so many vertues. Well, to be brieue, Signior Bernardo assembled the other Burgomasters of the towne into the common Hall, sent for Isabel thither; at whose coming (as the nature of man is desirous of novelties) a great pease of people was present to heare the matter thoroughly canuassed. When Isabel was thus brought before the barre, Signior Bernardo (who had suborned a young man in the City solemnely to despoise that he had laine with Isabel) began his inuention thus: I am sorry (grave citizens, and inhabitants of Caerbrancke) that this day I come to accuse Isabel, whose vertues hitherto have

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have wonne her many fanozs, and the outward shew of her good qualities haue bin highly applauded of all men: but my conscience constraines me, not to conceale such heinous sinne, no; to smother vp so great an offence without rebuke. I am one of the Judges and Elders of the people; appointed by almighty God, chosen by the multitude, and constrained by the law, to haue no respect of persons, neither to be too rigorous to my foe, no; too partiall to my friend: but with the ballance of equitie to measure man according to his merit, and with the sword of iudice to uphold vertue, and beate downe vice. This considered, I am forced to discover a wicked deed that this Isabel hath committed, and that is this.

This young man here present, for a certaine sum of money compounded to lye with Isabel, and for pence had his pleasure on her: shee alluring him with such wylie amozets of a Curtizan, that in her company hee hath consumed all his substance: The young mans friends seeing his folly, and that no perswasions could diswaite him from affecting her, made complaint vnto me: whereupon I examined him, and found him, not guilty of the crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his folly: seeing then (Citizens of Caerbranke) such a curtizan as this may vnder the colour of holines shew much pzeiudice, & allure many of our youth to mischiefs, I thought it my duty to bring her into open infamy, that she may be punished for her fault, knowne for a harlot, and from henceforth lye despised and hated of all. For pzoofe that she hath liued long in this lewd kind of life, this young man shall here befoze you all make present deposition: and with that he reacht him a Bible: whereon he swoze, that he had long time conuerst dishonestly with Isabel, euer since the departure of her husband. At which oath, the people that were Iurours in the cause, beklusing the protestation of Bernardo, and the deposition of the youth, presently found her guiltie: and then Bernardo and the rest of the Burgomasters gave iudgement, that shee should presently haue some open & seuerer punishment, and after bee banished out of the Towne. As soone as Isabel heard the censure, she appealed for no mercy, no; abasht any whit, as one desirous of fauour: but lifting vp her eyes to heauen, only said thus: O God, which seest the secrets of all hearts, and knowest all things befoze they

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they came to passe, which discerneth the very inward thoughts, and trieth the heart and the reines: thou knowest, that because I would not consent vnto the filthy lust of this daring lecher, nor agree by defiling my husbands bed to fulfill his filthy desires, that he hath slandered me with a crime whereof I was neuer guilty, that he hath produced this young man by a sinister subordination, to perture himselfe in a fault, whereas not so much as in thought I committed such a fact: he hath, to satisfie his malicious mind without cause, deuised this false crime. I confesse O Lord, to be a most grievous offender, & to deserue far greater punishment, but not for this deed. Heare then O Lord my prayer, & let the innocence of my cause plead before thy diuine maiesty: if it be thy will, preuent his practises, confound his counsels, and let him that hath dig'd a pit for others, fall into the snare himselfe. Thou hast neuer as yet, O Lord, left the succourlesse without help, but hast deliuered them which feare thee, from all aduersity: thou diddest set free Ioseph from the hands of his brethren, which sought to spill his blood, & diddest preuent the practises of Saul, intended against thy seruant David: Elzeus being besieged within Dotham, was not onely freed from his foes, but also garded about with a traine of holy Angels: Elias was preserved from the cruelty of Iezabel, and fed with Ravens. But chiefly in my case, how mightily didst thou shew Susanna from the treachery of the two Elders, in raising by young Daniel to maintaine her right: Nay, who hath trusted in thy mercy, which hath come to mis hap: or who hath put his hope in thee, and hath suffered harme? No. O Lord if it be thy will, thou canst disclose the deuce of this Signior Bernardo, and vnfold the follies of this false witness: heipe then, O Lord, for in thee is my trust.

The people hearing the solemne protestations of forsworn Isabel, thought she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that she was guiltlesse of the fact: gaining more credite to the reuerend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man, countenanced out by the Burgomaster, then to the young verres of a simple woman, supposing her speeches were more of custome to cloake her follies, then of conscience to cleare her of that crime: they would haue returned her backe againe vnto prison, till the day assigned for her punishment. As she was ready to be carried

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away, he which had accused Isabel, startt by as a man lunaticke, and cryed out vnto the people thus: I haue sinned, men of Caerbranke, I haue sinned, the thought of my present perill is a hell to my conscience: for I haue sworne falsly against the innocent, and haue consented to condemne Isabel without a cause: & with that he discovered at the barre, how Signior Bernardo had suborned him against the Gentlewoman, and how in all his life befoze he neuer was in her company. Vpon which confession of the yong man, the Burgomasters examined the matter moze effectually, and found that Isabel was chaste, honest, & vertuous, and Bernardo was a dotting lecher: whereupon they not onely amerced him in a great fine to be paid to Isabel, but put him for euer after from bearing any office in the Citie.

Thus was Isabel deliuered from her enemies, and reckoned moze famous for her chastity through all Caerbranke. This strange cuent spread abroad through all the Country, and as same flies swift & far, so at last it came to the eares of Francesco: for hee sitting in Troynouant at an Doynerie, amongst other Gentlemen, heard this fortune of Isabel reported at the Table for strange newes by a Gentleman of Caerbranke, who brought in Isabel for a mirrour of chastity, and added this moze, that she was married to a Gentlewoman of ripe wit, god paren'age, and wel skild in the liberall Sciences, but (quoth he) an vnchaste, and one that hath bin from his wife fye yeres. At this all the table condemned him as passing vnkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence. He was silent and blusht, saling the woyme of his conscience to wing him, & with such a sharp sting, that as soone as he got into his chamber, he fell to meditate with himselfe of the great abuses he offered his wife, the excellency of her exterior perfection, her beauty, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature, presented themselves vnto his thoughts, that he began not only to be passing passionate, but deeply penitent, sorrowing as much at his former follies, as his hope was to icy in ensuing good fortunes. Now he saw, that *Omnia sub sole vanitas*: that beauty without vertue, was like to a glorious flower without any operatiō, which the Apothecaries set in their shops for to be seen, but as soone as it withereth, they cast it into the furnace as an vnprofitable worde: that the embracings of a Court,

The second part.

3 an, serue they neuer so swart, yet they were the paths to destruction: that their lookes are scales vnto death, and the foldees of their hands, are setters to snare men in sinne. Now he saw that pride was extreme folly; so such as lookt most high against the Sunne, grew soonest blind: that Icarus caught his fall by soaring high: that time ill spent in vanity, in riotous company, amongst a cene of carelesse Canalliers, that would boast it in the colone, not byane it in the field, was neither to be recalled nor recompensd. Oh Francesco (quoth he) how fondly hast thou bene led away with euery looke, fed vpon with trencher-fies, eaten aline with flatterers, giuen to looke at a Goddesse more then thy God, more reable to a Booke then thy Booke, squaring in the streets, when thou shouldst be meditating in thy Chamber? If thou knowest these to be extreme parts of folly, repent & amend. The Dêre knowing Tamarisk is deadly to his nature, scoones to come nere the tree. The Unicorne will not bryok to rest vnder a Cytren tree, so that he holds it mortall. The Elephant will fly out of the company of a murderer. These brute beasts avoid what nature tels them is perillous: thou huntst after those harmes with grâdines, that thou knowest are preiudiciall. Wel Francesco, then now or else neuer atway with such follies; stop at the bottom, and then it is Sero, yet let it be Serio: home to the wife of thy yowth, reconcile thyselfe to her, she will forgine and forget thy former fondnes, & entertain her penitent paramour, with as great kindnes as he comes home with penance: What man? *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.* With that Francesco tooke pen, and paper, and wrote this.

Francescoes Sonnet made in the prime of his penance.

With sweating browes I long haue plow'd the sands:
My seed was youth, my crop was endlesse care,
Repentance hath sent home with empty hand,
At last, to tell how ripe our follies are:
And time hath left experience to approoue,
The gaine is grieue to those that traffique loue.
The silent thought of my repentant yeeres
That fill my head, haue cald me home at last:

Greenes Neuertoolate.

Now loue vnmask, a wanton wretch appears,
 Begot by guilefull thought with ouer-hast:
 In prime of youth, a Rose, in age, a Weed,
 That for a minutes ioy, payes endlesse meed.
 Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceit,
 Alied to wit by want, and sorrow thought:
 Farewell fond youth, long fostred in deceit,
 Forgiue me Time disguised idle thought.
 And loue adew, lo, halting to my end,
 I finde no time too late for to amend.

Having framed this Sonnet, hee gave the copy to some of his friends, making manifest to them his resolution to leane Troynouant, and to goe home; and by their helpe, who furnished him with such necessaries as he did want, hee in short time tooke his iourney. The day of his departure was ioyful to al his friends, insomuch that as many as knew of his iourney, gathered themselves together, and made him a banquet: where (very merry and pleasant) they carolled to the health of his Isabel: One amongst the rest, who loued Francesco so tenderly, took a cup of wine in his hand, and with teares in his eyes, said thus: Francesco, I haue nothing to giue thee, being my selfe pinched with want, but some precepts of wit that I haue bought with much experience, those shalt thou haue at my hands, which if thou put in practice, thinke I haue giuen much treasure.

The farewell of a friend.

- 1 Let Gods worship be thy mornings worke, and his wisdome, the direction of thy dayes labour.
- 2 Rise not without thanks, nor sleepe not without repentance.
- 3 Choose but a few friends, and try those: for the flatterer speaks fairest.
- 4 If thy wife bee wise, make her thy Secretary; else locke thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are seldome silent.
- 5 If she be faire, bee not iealous; for suspicion cures not womens follies.
- 6 If she be wise, wrong her not: for if thou louest others, shee will loath thee.
- 7 Let thy childrens nurture bee their richest portion: for wisdome

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dome is more precious then wealth.

8 Be not proud amongst thy poore neighbours : for a poore mans hate is perillous.

9 Nor too familiar with great men : for presumption winnes disdain.

10 Neither be too prodigall in thy fare , nor die not indebted to thy belly, enough is a feast.

11 Be not enuious, lest thou fall in thine owne thoughts.

12 Use patience, mirth, and quiet : for care is enemy to health.

And Francesco (quoth his friend) that thou mayst remember my precepts, I drinke to thee : vpon this he pledg'd him, and so in pleasant chat they pass away the time till breakfast was done , & then he gat him to horse , and they brought him a mile out of the Citie. At last , although they plaid loth to depart, yet Francesco must away : but befoze hee departed , when they were ready to shake hands, he puld out of his sleeve a Sonnet that he made, and gaue it them.

Francescoes Sonnet called his parting blow.

Reason that long in prison of my will,
Hast wept thy Mistis wants and losse of time,
Thy wonted liege of honour safely clime.
To thee I yeeld as guiltie of mine ill.

Loe (fettered in their teares) mine eyes are prest,
To pay due homage to their natiue guide :
My wretched heart wounded with bad betide,
To craue his peace, from reason is adrest,

My thoughts asham'd, since by them selues consum'd,
Haue done their duty to repentant wit :
Asham'd of all, sweet guide, I sorry sit,
To see in youth how I too farre presum'd :

That he whom loue and errour did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way :

Sera fed seruo.

Greenes Neuer too late.

As soone as he had deliuered them the sonnet, shaking hands, he put spurs to his horse and rode onward on his iourney: within five dayes he arrined at Caerbranke, where as soone as he was lig hted, he went to the house where his wife solourned; and one of the maids spying Francesco, yet knew him for all his long absence, and ran in and told it to Isabel, that her husband was at the doore: she being at worke in her chamber, sat as one in an extasse, untill Francesco came by, who at the first sight of his wife, considering the excellency of her beauty, her vertues, chastitie, & other perfections, & measuring her constancy with his disloyalty, stood as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus. Oh Isabel, what shall I say to thy fortunes or my follies? what exordium shall I vse to shew my penance, or discover my sorowes, or expresse my present loyes? for I tell thee I conceive as great pleasure to see thee wel: as grief in that I have wronged thee with my absence. Spight sighes, (Isabel) teares, plaints, or any such exterieor passions pourtray out my inward repentaunce, I would shew thee the Anatomy of a most distressed man: but amongst many sorowful thoughts, there is such confusion, that superfluitie of griefes stops the source of my discontent. To figure out my follies, or they extremity of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad course of my life: and to rub the scar, by setting out mine owne scathe: and therefore let it suffice, I repent hartily, I sorow deeply, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantly. At this Francesco stood and wept, which Isabel seeing, conserued by his outward griefs his secret passions, and therefore taking him about the neck, wetting his cheekes with the teares that fell from her eyes, she made him this womanly and wise answer.

What, Francesco, comest thou home full of woes, or seekst thou at thy returne to make me weep? Hast thou bene long absent, & now bringest thou mee a treatise of discontent? I see thou art penitent, & therefore I am like not to heare what follies are past. It sufficeth for Isabel, that henceforth thou wilt loue Isabel, and vpon that condition without any more wordes, welcome to Isabel. With that she smiled and wept, & in doing both together, sealed by all her contrarie passions in a kisse. Many lokes past betwene them, many odde fancies and many saouours: but what they did, or how they agreed in secret, that cannot I tell: but forth they

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they came great friends out of the chamber, where Francesco was welcomed home of his wiues Host with great cheare: who to shew his kindnesse the more, had provided a solemne banquet. having bidden many of his neighbors to supper, that they might accompany Francesco. Well, supper being done, & then sitting by the fire, the Host seeing them all in a droup, said, that to drive them out of their melancholly, he would tel them a tale, which they all desirous of, sate silent, and he began thus.

The Hosts tale.

In Thessaly, where nature hath made the soile proude with the beauty of Shepheards, there dwelled a swaine called Selador: ancient, as hauing age seated in his haire: and wealthy: as incoffed with great possessions: and honest, as being indured with many vertuous qualities. This Selador had to son him in his age, a daughter of great beauty, so exquisite in her exteriour feature, as no blemish might eclipse the gloze that Nature bestowed in her lineaments. As thus she was faire, so was she wise, and with her wit ioynded vertue, that to behold her was Helena, to heare, Pallas, and to court, a Daphne. This Damself whose name was Mirimida, kept her fathers shep. and in a scarlet petticoate, with a chaplet of flowers on her head, went euery day to the fields, where she plide the care of her fathers foulds with such diligence, that she seemed with labour, to enter armes against want, & with her hands thrust, to prevent her harts griefe. Using thus daily the plaines of Thessaly, the shepheards delighted at the gaze of so excellent an object, held their eyes fortunate when they might behold her feature, esteeming him happy that could lay his flockes nereest vnto her foulds. Amongst the rest of all the swaines that fed their thoughts on her fauours, there was one called Eurymachus, a yong youth, that had the pride of his yeres triumphing in his countenance, witty and full of pleasant conceits; and that Fortune might iumpe with loue, and make him gracious in womens eyes, he was wealthy, for gold is the Chisocol of loue. Thus Eurymachus alwaies plotted the course of his shepe-walke, that he was next neighbour to Mirimida, inso-much, that to discover his fancies, he did her often fauours: for whe
any

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any of her Lambs went astray, or any thing growe unuse, then Eurymachus was the swaine that enioyed by his laboz to redresse every losse. By this meanes he waxed private, & familiar with Mirimida, which was the meanes that brought him into a prejudicial labyrynth: for he did so nere *accedere ad ignem*, that he did *calefcere plus quam satis*: for as none comes nere the fume of the fire, but he waxeth blinde, nor any touch the Salamander, but he is troubled with the paine: so none could gaze on the face of Mirimida, but they went away languishing. This did poore Eurymachus experience: for although he knew loue's fires were fatal, & did not warme, but scorch: yet he loned with the bird to flye to the flame, though he burnt his wings, & fell in the bush, he would not with Ullis: stop his eares, but sit & sing with the Sirens: he feared no enchantment, but carowit with Circes, till his ouer-baring dzeu him in a passionate danger, and so long sucked in the beauty of Mirimida with his euer thirsty eyes, till his heart were fuller of passions then his eyes of affections; yet discover his thoughts he durst not, but smothered by his inward paines with outward silence: haping the Queen the hotter within, for that it was damd by, & his griefs the deeper, for that they were concealed. Manifest his malady to her he durst not, he thought himselfe too homely a patient for such a Physician: to utter his lous to another, & make any to be his secretary but himselfe, he supposed was to draw in a rinal to his loves. Thus Eurymachus was perplexed, till at last, to gine a little vent to the flame, sitting on a day sin a hill, he puld forth pen, and inke, and wrote his fancy. The effects were these.

Eurymachus fancy in the prime of his affection.

When Lordly Saturne in a sable robe,
Sate full of frownes, and mourning in the West,
The Euening starre scarce peep't from out her lodge,
And *Phabus* newly gallopt to his rest;

Euen then

Did I

Within my boate sit in the silent streames,
And void of cares as he that lies and dreames.
As *Phao*, so a fairiman I was,

The

The second Part.

The countrey-lasses said I was too faire,
With easie toile I laboured at mine oare,
To passe from side to side who did reaire :

And then

Did I,

For paines take pence, and *Charon*-like transport,
As soone the swaine as men of high import.
When want of worke did giue me leaue to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish :
So did I weare the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my dish,

For why

I thought

That idle houres was Calenders of ruth,
And time ill spent, was prejudice to youth.
I scorn'd to loue, for were the Nymph as faire,
As she that loued the beauteous Latman swaine ;
Her face her eyes, her tresses, nor her browes,
Like Iuory could my affection gaine:

For why,

I said

With high disdain Ioue is a base desire,
And Cupids flames, why, th'are but warry fire.
As thus I sat disdain'g of proud loue,
Haue ouer, Ferriman, there cryed a boy,
And with him was a Paragon, for hue,
A louely Damsel beauteous and coy,

And there

With her

A maiden couered with a tawnic vale,
Her face vuseene for breeding louers bale.
I stird my boate, and when I came to shoare,
The boy was wing'd, me thought it was a wonder,
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runnes before the hot report of thunder,

Her smiles

Were sweet,

Louely

Greenes Nener too late.

Louely her face: was ne're so faire a creature,
For earthly carcasle had a heavenly feature.
My friend (quoth she) sweet Ferriman behold,
We three must passe, but not a farthing fare,
But I will giue (for I am *Qugene* of loue)
The brightest lasse thou lik'st vnto thy share:

Choose where
Thou louest.

Be she as faire as Loues sweet Lady is,
She shall be thine, if that will be thy blisse.
With that she smil'd with such a pleasing face,
As might haue made the marble rocke relent,
But I that triumpht in disdain of loue,
Bad sic on him that to fond loue was bent:

And then
Said thus,

So light the Ferriman for loue doth care,
As *Venus* passe not if she pay no fare.
At this a frowne fate on her angry brow
She winkes vpon her wanton sonne hard by:
He from his quiver drew a bolt of fire,
And aym'd so right, as that he peir'd mine eye.

And then
Did she

Draw downe the veile that hid the virgins face,
Whose heavenly beaurty lightned all the place.
Straight then I lean'd mine eare vpon mine arme,
And lookt vpon the Nymph (if so) was faire:
Her eyes were starres, and like *Apollines* lockes
Me thought appar'd the trameils of her haire.

Thus did
I gaze

And suckt in beaurty, till that sweet desire
Cast fuell on, and set my thoughts on fire.
When I was lodg'd within the net of loue,
And that they saw my heart was all on flame,
The Nymph away, and with her trippes along,
The winged boy, and with her goes his dance.

The second part.

Oh then
I cryed,

Stay Ladies, stay, and take not any care,
You all shall passe, and pay no penny fare.
Away they fling, and looking coyly backe,
They laugh at me, ah with a loud disdain:
I send out sighes to ouertake the Nymphs,
And teares as lures to call them backe againe:

But they
Flie thence.

But I sit in my boate, with hand on oare,
And feele a paine, but knowes not what's the soare,
At last I feele it is the flame of loue,
I strue, but bootlesse, to repress the paine,
It cooles, it fires, it hopes, it feares, it frets,
And stirreth passions throughout euery vaine:

That downe
I fate,

And sighing, did faire *Venus* lawes approue
And swore nothing so sweete and sowre as loue.

Et florida pungunt.

Having made this Canzon, he put it in his bosome, and oft
when he was by himselfe would reade it, casting his passion with
die to the conceits of his own fancy: on a day having brought
downe his sheepe, he espies *Mirinda*, and to her he goes, and af-
ter his wonted salute sat downe by her, & fell so such chat as oc-
casion did minister, intermedling his passions with so many
sigs, and fixing his eye so effectually vpon her face without re-
moue, that she perceived the shepheard had swallowed *Aco-
nition*, and that there was none but she that boze the Antidote as
thus she noted his passions, she pulled a scrolle of paper sticking
out of his bosome, which she snatched forth & vnfolded, and per-
ceiving it was a Sonnet, she read it, and then looking earnestly
on *Eurymachus*, he blusht, and she with friendly smile began to
crosse him with his trumpe. What, *Eurymachus*, cannot wonted
labours wipe away wanton Amours, no; thy shepes care pre-
uent thy hearts loue? I had thought fancy had not trode on thy
hale, no; affection presented any object to thine eye: but now I

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ſe, as the Camellion canot live without aire, nor the Salamander without fire, ſo men haue no quiet in their life, unleſſe they acquaint them with loue: I ſe, ſwaines are not ſuch ſwabs, but they haue thoughts and paſſions, and be they neuer ſo low, they can looke at beauty. Coridon in his gray caſſocke, had his faire Phillis, and Menalcas could court Calatea in his ſhepheardes cloake, and Eurymachus, be he neuer ſo homely, will hazard, but at whom, there lies the queſtion.

At whom (quoth Eurymachus?) ah Mirimida, at one that is too high for my thoughts, & too beauteous for my fortunes: ſo what I haue ſoared with the Hobby, I ſhall bate with the Bunting: and daring with Phaeton, I ſhall drowne with Icarus: mine eye was proud, my thoughts too ſo:ward: I haue ſtared at a ſtarre, but ſhall ſtumble at a ſtone; & I feare, becauſe I haue ouer-lookt in loue, I ſhall be ouer-laid in loue. With that he ſighed, & Mirimida ſmiled and made this reply. Why Eurymachus, a man or a mouſe? what, is there any Cedar ſo high, but the ſloweſt ſnail will creepe to the top: & fortune ſo baſe, but will aſpire? any loue ſo precious, but hath his prize? What Eurymachus, a Cat may looke at a King and a ſwaine eye hath as high a reach as a Lords looke. Vulcan in his leather ſuites courted Venus in her ſilks: the ſwaine of Latmos wooed Luna; both dared, and both had their deſires. What, loue requires not wealth, but courage, and parentage is not ſo high prized by fancy, as perſonage: feare not, man, if thou haſt loſt high, follow thy thoughts, and try loues ſanoꝝ: ſo denial is no diſhonor. Eurymachus hearing Mirimida in ſuch an amorous humour, encouraged by her perſuaſions, thought now to ſtrike while the iron was hot, and therefore taking her by the hand, began thus.

Truth Mirimida, Venus latnes are bounded with constraint, and when loue leaſeth the eyes, deſire keeps no company: when Paris courted Helena, though ſhe were coy and denyed, yet was ſhe not diſcourteous and diſdained, ſo ſhe answered thus mildly: *Non enim ſuccenſet amanti.* This (Mirimida) makes me hardy to take thee by the hand, and to ſay, I loue Mirimida: ſo thou art the Sun that haſt eclipsed mine eyes, on thy beauty haue I ſo long gazed, that as they which were wounded with Achilles Launce, could not be healed but by the ſame truncheon: ſo
thine

The second part.

thine excellence hath fettered Eurymachus, that by curses must free Eurymachus. I confesse I haue lookt too high, but I ere use mine owne presumption by thine owne principles: and if I haue dared too much, why, lone allowes it. When faire *Stimph*, if thou beest as beautifull as *Venus*, yet looks at blacke *Vulcan*: loe for tunes haue high desires, if thou beest as lonely as *Luna*, scope to *Endymion*: a Swaine may be as constant as a King. Shepheards loues are loyall, for their eyes are like *Emeralds* that receiue but one impression, and their hearts like *Adamants* that will turne no way but to one point of the haue. *Mirimida* frowning at the folly of the Shepheard, cut him off thus.

If thou knowest how bad the coine is, Eurymachus (quoth she) thou wouldest not put thy sickle so farre in, and swing your harvest is like to be so little, spare labour, and worke not so hard: if you haue looked at my beauty, your aime is not beyond compassse your high straines are but frumps, e so I take them: for he that calles a *Falcon* a *Phoenix*, is but a flatterer: and such as terme their lone, *Saints*, are thought but to utter words of course.

Wel, how former if you loue me I like you, but so as *Dianæ*s fancy was to *Apollo*, to be his friend in the field, and his foe in the chamber; to fauour him as a huntsman, but to hate him whē he chatted of lone: so Eurymachus, so long as thou sondest thy flocks with *Mirimida*, thou art welcome to *Mirimida*, but if thou callest forth thy lure to haue *Mirimida* lone, then I will leaue thee to thy folly, as one that hates to be dyatone to fancie: for know, that as the *Oliue tree* will brooke no touch of Steele: the *Agypte* no heate of fire: so *Mirimidaes* eares are not capable of any amorous perswasions: and therefore friend Eurymachus, any thing but lone, and so I leaue you.

Pay (quoth Eurymachus) and he tooke her salt by the arme, if I were sure you had power as *Diana* had, to plague me with *A Reons* punishment, you passe not without a little moze pattle: if I anger you, tis first a preparation to a good stomache, for sholer is a friend to digestion: secondly, as the *Chrysocol*, and the *Guld* by long strining together, grow to be one metvall, so by our falling out, we shall be better friends for euer: so

Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.

Therefore faire *Philis*, sit still and grant some fauor to him

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that is so pained with fancie; I will loue you, though I am poore; and a King can do but so much: if you thinke my degree be too lowe for height of beauty, thinke of al parts, the mean is the merriest, & that the shepheards gray hath lesse griefe the the Roobly estates. I know, women must be coy, because they are women, and they must haue time to be wonne, or else they would be thought to be wantons: therefore whatsoeuer you say now, I hold it not vniuersiticall: yet for that I would haue some hope: good Mirimida let me see thee laugh. What could not but smile, to see the shepheard so pleasant, and so Eurymachus rested content, and from amazons that they fell to talke of other matters, til euening grew on, and then they solded their shep, and with a friendly farewell parted.

Eurymachus was not alone thus enamoured of the faire Mirimida, but all the shepheards of Thessaly wote Poems and Ditties of her beautie, and were sutores to her for saues, she like Daphne held lone in disdain, and yet was curious to all in any other kinde of conference. Amongst the rest, Venus (belike) willing to be pleasant, had wrought one in the Labyrinth of lone, called Mullidor, a fellow that was of honest parents, but very poore, & his personage was as it had bin cast in Elops mould, his backe like a Lute, and his face like Thirsites, his eyes broad and tawnie, his haire harsh and curled like a horse mane, his lippes were of the largest size in folio, able to furnish a Coblers Shoppe with clouting leather: the only good part that he had to grace his visage was his nose, and that was conqueror-like, as beaked as an Eagle: Nature hauing made so proper a stripling, thought his inward qualities should not blemish his outward excellencie: & therefore to keepe proportion, into his great head she put in little wit, that she knew rather sheepe by the marke then the number, for he was neuer good Arithmetitian, and yet he was a proper scholler, and well saine in Ditties. This rusting shepheard amongst the rest, and more then any of the rest, was enamoured of Mirimida, so that he would often leaue his sheepe at random, to passe by the fields where she sat, onely to offende his eie with sauer. Well, as fooles haue eies, so haue they hearts, and those oft harbour fond desire: Lone sometimes looks lowe, & will stumble on a cottage as well as on a palace: fooles are in extremities, not easie to be perswaded from their bable, & when they begin

The second part.

begin to loue, folly whets them on to restless thoughts. So fell it out with Mullidor: for after he had tasted of the beauty of Mirimida, he grew passionate, but with great impatience, and wasted away in the despair of his own desires, that he was wizen pale and wan: which his old mother spying, marvelled to see her son so male-content, for she loved him tenderly, and thought him the sweetest youth, and bravest young man in all Thessaly. The Crow thinks her sowles the fairest, and the Ape accounts of her young as well featured darlings: so Calena, (for so was the olde womans name) thought Mullidor no lesse, though his cares were greater than an Ape. but held him of a sweet personage and rare wit. Well, the poore old wife, when her son came home at night, seeing how ill he lookt, marveld what should be the cause of his suddaine change: yet because she would follow the principles of country physick, she thought to passe over speaking to him till supper was done, to try what stomacke he had. Well, the cloth was laid, and the browne loafe set on the board. Mullidor full of passions, sat down to his pottage, & ate off his boll ful, the old woman stumbles to the pot againe for a fresh messe. Ah mother (quoth he with a great sigh) no more broth to night: with that she clapt her hand on her knee, and swoze, her boy was not wel, that he forsooke his supping: yet he fell to a piece of Bacon that stood on the board, & a tough barley pudding: but he rose before the rest and got into a cozner, where folding his armes together, he sat thinking on his loue. As soon as the rest of the swains were by from the table, and turning crabbes in the fire, she toke her son into the celler, & sitting downe in her chaire began thus.

Now Mullidor, thy cheekes are leane, & now thou lookest like Lenton, pale and wan. I saw by thy stomack to night, thou art not thine owne man: thou hadst of late (God saue thee) a lonely fat paire of cheekes, and now thou lookest like a Gotton herring: Tell me Mullidor, & feare not to tel me, for thou tellest it to thy mother, what ailest thou? Is it griefe of body, or of mind, that keeps thee on the Holydaies from striking it at the foot-ball? Thou art not as thou wert wont: and therefore say what thou aplest, and thou shalt see old women haue good counsell.

At these speeches of his mother, Mullidor fetcht a great sigh: and with that (being after supper) he brake wind: which Cal-

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a hearing, oh sonne (quoth she) it is the collicke that troubles
 thee, to bed man, to bed, and we will haue a warme pot lib. The
 collicke mother, no: tis a disease that all the cunning women in
 the country cannot cure, and strangely it holdes me: so; some-
 times it holds me in the head, some whiles in mine eyes: my
 hart, my hart, oh there (my mother) it plaiues the diuell in a mo-
 tar: some while it is like a frost, cold: sometimes as a fire, hot:
 when I should sleepe, then it wakes me wake: when I eat, it
 troubles my stomacks: when I am alone, it makes mee cry
 right out, I can wet one of my new locke ram saphins with
 weeping. It came to me by a great chance: so; as I lookt on a
 faire flower, a thing, I knew not what, crept in at mine eyes, &
 ranne round about all my veines, and at last, gat into my heart,
 and there euer since hath remaind, and there (mother) euer since
 so toying me, that Mullidor must die; and with that he fell on
 weeping. Calena seeing her sonne shed teares, fell to her hempen
 appon, and wipte her beared eyes, and at last demanded of him
 if it were not loue. At that question he hung downe his head, and
 sighed. Ah my sonne (quoth she) now I see tis loue: so; he is
 such a sneaking fellow, that if he but leape in at the eye-lib, and
 diue downe into the heart, and there rests as cold as a stone, yet
 touch him, and he will screeke: so; tell me, Mullidor, what is the
 that thou louest, and wilt not loue thee? If she be a woman, as I
 am, she cannot but fancy thee: so; mine eye, though it be now old
 (and with that went by her appon, & she wipte them cleare) hath
 bene a wanton when it was young, and would haue chosen at
 the first glance, the properest springall in the Parish: and trust
 me, Mullidor, but be not proud of it, when I looke on thee, I finde
 thee so louely, that I count her worse then accurst, would not
 chuse thee so; her Paramour. With these wordes Mullidor be-
 ganne to smile, and troubled his mother ere she had halfe ended
 her tale, on this manner.

Soother, I may rightly compare the Church to a looking-glasse,
 so; as a man may see himselfe in the one, & there see his propor-
 tion: so in the other, the wenches eyes are a certificate: so; vpon
 whom you see all the girles lake, hee so; soote and face, carries a-
 way the bell; and I am sure, so; these two yeeres I neuer came
 into the Church, & was no sooner set, but the wenches began to
 winke

The second Part.

winke one on another, to looke on me and laugh. Whwere mother, when a dogge waggis his taile, hee loues his master. and when a wanton laughes, for my life she is ouer the head & eares in loue. When if my fortune serue mee to be so well thought on, why should I not venture on her I loue? It is (mother) Seladors daughter Mirimida. Now Gods blessing on thy heart (quoth Calena) for louing such a smugge lasse, marry her (my sonne) and thou shalt haue my benizon in a clout. Mirimida? marrie it is no maruell, if thy chokes be fallen for her: why, shee is the fairest blossome in all the Towne: to her, sonne, to her, tricke thy selfe vp in thy best reparaire, & make no bones of it: but on a wooing: for womens desires, I may tell the boy, are like childrens fancies, wonne oft with an Apple, when they refuse an Angell, and Mullidor, take this with thee and feare not to speake: A womans frowne is not euer an instance of choler: if she refuse thee outwardly, she regards thee inwardly, and if she shake thee by, and bid thee be packing, haue the better hope. Cats & dogs come together by scratching: if she smile, then Sunne, say to thy selfe, she is thine; and yet Women are wily cattell, for I haue seene a woman laugh with anger, and kisse him she hath desired to kill: she will be coy (Mullidor) but care not for that, tis but a thing of course: speake thou faire promise much, praise her highly, commend her beauty aboue all, and her vertue moze then all, sigh often, and shew thy selfe full of passions, and as sure as thy cap is of wooll, the wench is thine.

Mullidor hearing his mother giue such good counsaile, said he would leopord a loynt, and the next day haue a sling at her. With that he said, his heart was eased, and his stomacke somewhat come downe with her good perswasion: whereupon the Ambie was opened, and he turned me ouer a cantle of Chase, & went to bed. The next morning vp he rose, and his holiday robes went on his startups new blackt, his cap faire brushed, & a cleane locke ram band. Thus attired, away sings Mullidor to the field, and carried away his sheepe, and led them into the plains where Mirimida sought to feed her flocks: coming there, hee met her all alone, sitting all alone vnder a Beech tree, twanning of Nets, to catch birds: as soone as Mullidor spied her, his heart leapt for joy, and shee seeing him, laughd, which was a great helpe to his
D
courage:

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courage : that rushing roughly toward her, he said thus.

Spittis Mirimida, here is weather that makes grasse plentie,
and sheepe fat, by my troth there neuer came a moze plentious
yeere : and yet I haue one sheepe in my fold thats quite out of li-
king, and if you knew the cause, you would maruaile. The other
day as he was grasing, he espied a spotted ewe feeding befoze him,
with that he fell to gaze on her, and that so long, that he wagged
his taile for very ioy ; hec came to her, and with a shepish curti-
se courted her ; the ewe was coy and butted him, which strooke
him so to the heart, that casting a sheps eye at her, away he goes,
and euer since hee lies by himselfe and pines away. I pray you
Spittis Mirimida, what think you of this ewe? Mirimida perret-
uing by this simile, that little wit had oft fancies, and soles were
with in the compasse of Lones warrant : wherupon thinking
to bring him into a paradise, she made this answer.

I am an ill iudge, Mullidor, and yet because I am a shephear-
desse, and this is a shepish question, that the Ewe should be the
first that should be fatted of all the flocke : and in reuenges of her
cruelty, sold to the Butcher. For I tell the, Mullidor, she that is
cruell in lone, is like to a Rose, that pricks when it should be ga-
thered. Say you so Mirimida (quoth he?) then may I be the bol-
der to bryake out my minde vnto you: for surely I am the sheepe
that euer since I markt your beauty, haue bene inflamed with
your sweet looks, and not daring boult out mine affection, haue
pined away, as you may see by my cheekes: and refuse my swete :
and you Mirimida are the Ewe that hath caught Mullidor cap-
tue. Therefore now that I utter how I lone, and conet how
you should lone againe, take heed you refuse not: for if you do, by
my iudgement you shall be sold to the Butcher for your cruelty.
Mirimida, hearing the asseurasse in his rude eloquence, smiled to
her selfe, and thought that Venus fires as well warme the poore
as the rich, and that desolmitp was no meanes to abidge fancy :
whereupon she replied thus. Why Mullidor, are you in lone: and
with me, is there none but Mirimida that can sit your eye be-
ing so many beautifull damfels in Theissaly take heed, man, looke
befoze you leape, lest you fall into the ditch : I am not good e-
nough for so proper a man as your selfe, especially being his mo-
thers eldest sonne, what, Mullidor, let me counsaile you, there are
moze

The second Part.

more maids then *Walkin*, & the country hath such choise as may
 bryd your better content: for my part at this time, I meane not
 to marry. 'Tis no matter, quoth *Mullidor*, what you say: for my
 mother told me, that maides at first would be coy when they are
 wooed, and mince it as it were a spare over a monthfull of this-
 tles. & yet were not a whit the worse to be like, for 'twas a mat-
 ter of custome. Well then *Mullidor*, quoth *Mirimida*, leaue off at
 this time to talke of loue, & hope the best: to morrow perchance it
 will be better, for women are like vnto children, that will oft re-
 fuse an apple. and straight cry for the paring, and when they are
 most hungry, then for sullennes fall. This *Mullidor*, quoth she, is
 the frowardnes of loue. Parry then, quoth he, if they haue chil-
 drens maladies, 'twere good to vse childrens medicines, & that is
 a rod, for be they neuer so froward, a serk or two will make them
 foward: and if that would bring women to a good temper, my
 mother hath a stiffe cudgell, and I haue a good arme.

Thus these two past away the day, till presently they espied
 a farre off a Gentleman with a hawke on his fist, to come riding
 towards them, who drawing nise, and seeing so faire a *Piniph*,
 reind his horse and stood still, as *Aetion*, when he gazed at *Dia-
 na*: at the last he alighted, and comming towards her, saluted
 her thus courteously. Faire virgin, when I saw such a sweet saint
 with such a crooked apostle, I straight thought *Venus* had bene
 walking abroad to take the aire with *Vulcan*: but as soone as
 mine eyes began narrowly to make suruey of thy beauty, I found
Venus blemisht with thy rare excellency: happy are these shepe-
 herds that are folden by such a paragon: and happy are those shepe-
 herds that enioy the presence of such a beauteous creature, no
 maruel if *Apollo* became a swaine, or *Mercury* a neat-herd, when
 their labours are recompensd with such lones. My selfe, faire *Da-
 mosel*, if either my degree were worthy, or my deserts any, wold
 craue to haue entertainment to become your dutifull seruant.
 At this while *Mirimida* held downe her head, and blusht: at last,
 lifting vp her eyes full of modesty, and her face full of chaste co-
 lours, such as shewd out the fronts of *Dianes* virgins, she made
 the Gentleman this answer. My seruant sir (said she) no, your
 worth is farre aboue my wealth, and your dignitie too high for
 my degree: where country dales must not aime too high at soytane,

Greenes Neuer too late.

we; file too fast in desires, least looking at their feet with the pe-
 rocke. they let fall their plumes, & so flume at their stons follies:
 but if my degra were so great as to entertaine such seruants, I
 must bestow vpon them some changeable livery, to shew the va-
 rietie of their mindes: for certaine, mens hearts are like to the
 Polype, that will change into all colours but blue, and their
 thoughts into all effects but constancie: In that sir, your eye ba-
 zeled and misooke me for Venus, you gazde against the sunne,
 and so blemisht your sight, or else you haue eaten of the rotes of
 hemlocke, that makes mens eyes conceit base objects: how-
 soeuer (as I take you for a Gentleman) so I take your praise for
 a frumpe: and so your way lies befoze you: we must solde our
 stocks, and you may be gone when you please. In saith quoth he,
 Oeene chose Paris for her Where in her labours, and her fellow
 in her lottens thinking the sweetest face the best fairing for a gen-
 tle womans eye: But you contrarie haue got a smooke Vulcan;
 as Venus, to set out your excellencie: for as Chusill placed by
 Zeate, seems the more pure: so a beauteous Paragon shewes the
 more faire, toynd with a deformed peasant. Mullidor hearing
 the Gentleman thus abuse his patience, as a man conceited in
 his owne propernesse, and especially afoze Mirimida, thwarted
 him thus. You master meacock, that stand vpon the beauty of
 your chornemilke face: as bzag with your Buzzard on your fist,
 as a Dove vnder an Apple tree, know that we country swaines,
 as we are not beholding to Nature for beautie, so wee little ac-
 count of fortune for any fauor: Euen man my crowkeback har-
 bozeth more honest condition, then thy diering countenance: and
 these course suites can fetch more pence then thy likes: so I be-
 lieue thou makest asconce of the Spencers booke: thou hast made
 such sure entrances there, that thou wilt neuer from thence till
 thou best toyne out by the eares. Goodman Courtier, we haue
 queasie stomaches that will hardly brooke them: and therefore
 fine soles, be gon with your soles, or I will so belabour you, as
 you shall feele my fingers this fortnight: and with that, Mullidor
 heaved vp his shapenooke, and bent his bowes, so that the gen-
 tleman gining to Mirimida the adue, he puts spurs to his horse
 and went away.

At this manly part of Mullidor, Mirimida laught hartily, and
 he

The second part.

he took a great conceit that he had shewd himselfe such a tall man. Upon this, Mirimida gave him a nosegay which stucke in her bosome for a favour, which she accepted so gratefully, as if another had given him a tunne of gold. Night being on, and they solded their sheeps and departed, she to her father, and he to olde Calena, as loyfull a man as Paris, when he had the promise from Venus: he plodded on his way with his head full of passions, and his heart full of new thoughts, and still his eye was upon the nosegay, insomuch that he stood in a doubt whether it were Love, or some other surp then Love, that thus bincht him and pinchd him: at last he fell with himselfe into this kinde of meditation. Now doe I perceiue that lone is a purgation, and searches euery veine, that though it enter in at the eye, yet it ris to the heart, and then it keepes an olde coile, where it worketh like a Jugglers bore. Oh lone thou art like to a flea, which bitest soe, and yet leapest away and art not to be found, or to a pot of strong ale, that maketh a man call his father whoreson; so both of them be witch a mans wits that he knoweth not a B, from a battidoze, Inforsunate Mullidor, and therefore inforsunate, because thou art ouer the eares in lone, and with whom? with Mirimida, whose eyes are like to sparks of fire, and thine like a pound of butter, like to be melted with her beauty, & to consume with the fryng flame of fancy. Ah Mullidor, her face is like to a redde and white Dasse growing in a graine meadow, and thou like a Bie, that comest and suckest hony from it, & carriest it home to the hive with a heave and hoe, that is as much to say, as with a head ful of woes, and a heart ful of sorowes and maladies. Be of good chere, Mirimida laughs on the, and thou knowest, a womans smile is as good to a lover, as a sun shine day to a hay-maker, she shewes the kind lookes, and casts many a cherpes-eye at the, which signifies that she counts the man worthy to lumpe a march with her; nay, moze, Mullidor, she hath given the a nosegay of flowers, wherein as a top-callant for all the rest, is set in Rosemary for remembrance: Ah Mullidor, cheere thy selfe, feare not, and lone fortune fauours lonly lads, cowards are not friends to affection, therefore venture for thou hast won her, els had she not given the this nosegay: & with this remembryng himselfe, he start by, left off his amorous passions, & trndged home to his house.

Greene's Neuer too late.

house, where coming in, olde Calena stumbles to see in what humour her sonne came home; fralick he was and his cap on the one side, he askt if supper were ready: his mother seeing his stomacke was good, thought there was some hope of her sons good fortune, and therfoze said, there was a pudding in the pot that is almost enough, but sonne quoth she, what newes? what successe in thy lones? how doth Mirimida like thee? Ah mother, qu. Mullidor, and he smiled, how should I bee bled, but as one that was wrapped in his mothers smocke when he was bozne? Can the Sun want heat, and the winter cold, or a proper man bee denied his sutes? So mother, as soone as I beganne to circungaze her with my doopblistry, and to fetch her about with two or thre venies from mine eyes, I gaue her such a thump on the brest, that she would scarce say no: I told her my minde, and wrapt her in the prodigality of my wit, that she said another time should: but then we parted laughing, with such a sweet smile, that made me lose in the haff like a dudgin dagger: shee gaue me this nosegay for a fauour, which how I esteeme it, geffe you: thus haue I bled her in kindnesse, and she bled me in cortesse: and so I hope wee shall make a friendly conclusion. By my troth, quoth she, and I hope nolesse, so I tell you, when maides giue gifts, they meane well, and a woman if she laugh wth a glauncing look, wtheth it were neither to do no; vndone: she is thine, my sonne, feare not: and wth that she laid the cloth, & set victuals on the boord, where Mullidor tried himselfe so tall a trencher-man, that his spoother perceiued by his dight he would not die so; loue. Leaving this passionate labber to the conceit of his lones, let vs returne to the young courtier called Radagon, who trotting a soft pace vpon his courser, seeing the Sunne now bright, and then ouer-shadowed with clouds, began to compare the state of the weather fantastically to the humour of his Mirimidaes fancies, saying, When Phœbus was eclipsed with a vapour, then shee lowed, when hee shewed his gloze in his brightnes, then she smiled. Thus he daltied in a vncouth motion so long, that at last he began to feele a fire that fretted to the heart. Riding thus in a quandary, he entered into the consideration of Mirimidaes beauty, to hereupon frolickly in a extempozate humo; he made this Sonnet.

Radagons

The second part.

Radagons Sonnet.

No cleere appear'd vpon the azurd skye,
A vayle of stormes had shadowed *Phæbus* Yace,
And in a sable mantle of disgrace
Sate he that y'cleeped heauens bright eye,

As though that he,

Perplex for *Clitia*, meant to leaue his place,
And wrapt in sorrowes did resolute to die:
For death to louers is euer nye:

Thus folded in a hard and mournfull blaze,
Distrest sate hee.

A misty fogge had thickned all the ayre,
Iris sate solemne and denied her showres:

Flora in tawny hid vp all her flowers,
And would not diaper her meades with faire,

As though that she

Were armd vpon the barren earth to lowre.

Vnto the founts *Diana* nild repaire,

But sate as overshadowed with despaire,

Solemn and sad within a withered bowre,

Her Nymphs and she.

Mars malecontent lay sicke on *Venus* knee,

Venus in dumps sate muffled with a frowne,

Inno laid all her frolicke humors downe,

And *Ioue* was all in dumps as well as she.

Twas Fates decree.

For *Neptune* (as he meant the world to drowne),

Heau'd vp his surges to the highest tree,

And leagu'd with *Eol*, mard the Seamans glee,

Beating the Cedar, with his billowes downe,

Thus wroth was he.

My mistris deignes to shew her sun-bright face,

The ayre cleerd vp, the cloudes did fade away,

Phæbus was frolike when we did display

The gorgeous beauties that her front doe grace:

So that when she

But walkt abroad, the stormes then fled away,

Flora did checker all her trading place,

And

Greenes Neuer too late.

And *Neptune* calmed the surges with his mace,
Diana and her Nymphs were bliche and gay,
When her they see.

Venus and *Mars* greed in a smile:
And iqualous *Inno* ceased now to lowre,
Ioue saw her face, and sighed in his bowre,
Iris and *Eol* laught within a while
To see this glee:

Ah borne was she within a happy houre
That makes heauen, earth, and Gods and all to smile?
Such wonders can her beauteous works compile,
To clothe the world from any froward lowre,
Ah blest be shee.

When Radagon had framde his fancie, he began with sundry
infring thoughts to consider, that she was beautifull & of a base
country bred, where vertue assoone dwelleth as in high digni-
ties: that her wit was sharpe, and Nature had done her part to
make her euery way excellent, as well in exterior perfection, as
in inward qualities: though her fortunes were low, yet her de-
sires were modest: and proud she could not be, as being poore:
to be penurish were bootlesse, in that her hope did not aspire, her
looks betwixt she was no wanton: & her blushing, that she was
bashfull: euery way she seemed vertuous, as she was beautifull.

The consideration of her excellency so pierced the hart of Ra-
dagon, that from liking he fell to loue: from small prayes vnto
great passions. Ensh, quoth he, though wedlocke be a thing so
doubtfull & dangerous to deale withall, as to take roses amongst
thornes, Celes amongst Scorpions, & one pure portion amongst
a thousand boxes of confection yet nature doth establish it as ne-
cessary, Law as honest, and reason as profitable. Some Cynicke
(as Diogenes) will thwart it with a dilemma, & say, that for yong
men tis too soone, for old men too late to marry, concluding so e-
nigmatically, it were not good to marry, at all: other will say, as
Arminius a ruler of Carthage said, who being importunately per-
swaded to marry, answered, No, said he, I dare not: for if I chance
vpon one that is wise, she will be wisful, if wealthy, then wanton,
if poore, then penurish, if beautifull, then proud: if deformed, then
loathsome: & the least of these is able to kill a thousand men. In-
dæd

The second part.

to be I cannot deny, but oft *sub melle latet venenum*, that vertue is like a box of Iuor containing some baleful Aconiton, or to a faire flower that twinges the soote: such loue as is laid vpon such a foundation is a most pleasure full of paine, & an affection bought with a thousand miseries. but a woman that is faire & vertuous maketh her husband a ioyfull man, and whether he be rich, or poore yet alwayes he may haue a ioyfull heart. A woman that is of a silent tongue shamefast in countenance, sober in behaviour, and honest in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities corresponding, is like a goodly pleasant flower, deckt with the colours of all the flowers of the garden: and such a one (quoth he) is Mirimida, & therefore though she be poore, I will leaue her, and like her: and if she will fancie me, I will make her my wife. And vpon this he resolved to prosecute his sute towards her, insomuch that as soone as he came home and had rested himselfe a while, he slept to his standish, and wrote her a letter.

Radagon was not more pained with this passionate maladie, then poore Eurymachus, who could take no rest, although euery day in her presence he sed his eye with the beauty of her face: but as the Hidaspi, the more hee drinke, the more thirsty he is, so Eurymachus, the more he looked, the more hee loued, as hauing his eye deeply enamoured of the object: reueale any more his sute he durst not, because when he began to chat of loue, she shakt him off, & either flung away in a rage, or else forst him to fall to other pastime, insomuch that he determined to discourse his mind in a letter which he perfozmed as cunningly as he could, and sent it her. Mullidor that asse rapt out his reasons diuers times to Mirimida, untill she was weary of the gromes importunate soterries, and so with a sharpe word or two nipt him on the pate: whereupon asking his mothers counsaile, she perswaded him to write vnto Mirimida, although hee had no pen, were as fit as an asse and a harpe: yet he bought him paper, and stealing into the Churchyard vnder an apple tree, there in his fumes framed a letter and sent her. Thus had fortune (meaning to be merrie) appointed in her secret synode, that all these thinges should vse one meanes to possesse their loues, and brought it so to passe, that the theese letters from these theese rivals were deliuered at one instant: which when Mirimida saw, she sate her downe and laught,

Greene's Neuertoo late.

wondering at the rarenes of this chance, that should in a moment bring such a conceit to passe: at last (so as then she was leading forth her sheepe) she sat her downe, and looking on the superscription said to her selfe: That Adamants are faire faces, that can draw both rich poore and soles to lodge in the labyrinth of their beauties: At this she sighed, and the first letter that brake open, because he was her first Louer, was Eurymachus. The contents whereof are these.

*Eurymachus the Shepherd, to Mirimida the
Goddesse of Thessaly.*

When (Mirimida) I sit by thy sweet selfe, & wonder at thy present sight, seeing as the Sea upon the wealth of thy beauties, the conceit of thine excellency drives me into an extasie, that I become dumbe with overmuch delight: for Nature sets downe this as an authentike principle:

Sensibile sensus suppositum nulla fit sensatio.

If the flower be put in the nostrill, there is no smell: the colour clapt close to the eye, blemisheth the sight: so a louer in presence of his Mistress, hath the organs of his speech tied, that he conceales with silence, and sighes out his smothered passions with soprowes.

Alb Mirimida, consider that loue is such a fire, as either wil burne forth, or burne the house: it is such a streame, as will either haue his course, or breake through the banks & make a deluge, or else force their heartstrings crack with secrecie. When Mirimida if I be lauish in my pen, blame me not that am so laden with loue: if I be bold, attribute it to thy beauty, not my impudency: and thinke what I ouer-dare in, it growes through the extremity of loyall affection, which is so deeply imprinted in my thoughts, as neither time can diminish, nor misfortune blemish. I asme not, Mirimida, at thy wealth, but at thy vertues: for the more I consider thy perfection, the more I growe passionat, and in such an dnmor, as if thou deny, there is no meanes to cure my malady, but the salve which healeth all incurable sores, & that is death. Therefore sweet (Mirimida) consider of my lones, & ble me as my loyalltie deserves: let not my poverty put in any barre, nor the basenes of my birth be any excuse of thy affection: weigh my desires, not my degraes, & either send me a speedy plaister to salve my

The second part.

my despairing passions, as a cogswaine to cut off my lingering sor-
rowes; either thy fauours with life, or thy deniall with death, be-
twixt which I rest in hope till I heare thine answer.

Thine who can be no others but thine,
the Shepheard *Eurymachus*.

To the end of this letter (for that he would run descant vpon
his wit) he set downe a Sonnet written in the forme of a Spaw-
gall, thus:

Eurymachus in laudem Mirimidis,
his Motto.

Inuita fortuna dedi vota concordia.

VHen *Flora* proud in pompe of all her floweres,
Sate bright and gay,
And gloried in the dew of *Iris* flowers,
And did display
Her mantle, chequered all with gawdy Greene:

Then I
alone

A mournefull man in *Ericine* was seene:
With foulded armes I trampled through the graske,

Tracing as he
That held the throne of Fortunes brittle glasse,
And loue to be

Like Fortune, fleeing as the restles wind,
Mixed

With mists,
Whose dampe doth make the clearest eye grow blinde.
Thus in a maze I spied a hideous flame.

I cast my sight,
And saw where blithely bathing in the same
With great delight,
A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate;

And yet
twas strange,
It carelesse lay and shrunke not at the heat.

I stood amaz'd, and wondring at the sight,
While that a dame
That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,

Greenes Neuer too late.

Discourt the same,
 And said, my friend, this worme within the fire
 Which lies
 content,
 Is *Venus* worme, and represents desire,
 A Salamander is this princely beast,
 Deckt with a Crowne
 Giuen him by *Cupid* as a gorgeous crest
 'Gainst Fortunes frowne:
 Content he lies and bathes him in the flame
 And goes
 not forth,
 For why, he cannot liue without the same,
 As he, so Louers liue within the fire
 Of seruent loue,
 And shrinke not from the flame of hot desire,
 Nor will not moue,
 From any heate that *Venus* force imparts:
 But be
 content
 Within a fire, and waste away their hearts.
 Vp flew the dame and vanished in a cloud,
 But there stood I,
 And many thoughts within my minde did shroud
 My loue: for why
 I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
 And yet
 As did
 The Salamander, 'twas my whole desire.

Mirimida hauing read this Sonnet, she straight (being of a pregnant wit) conceited the drift of this Spadigall, smiled and laid it by: and then next took vp Radagons letter, which was written to this effect.

Radagon of *Thessalie*, to the faire Shepheard-
 desse *Mirimida*, health.

I Cannot tell (faire *Epistris*) whether I should praise Fortune
 as a friend, or curse her as a fo, hauing at vnwares presented
 me

The second part.

me with the blow of your perfection, which might may bee either the summe of my blisse, or the beginning of my bale: for in you rests the ballance either to weigh mee downe my due with curtesie, or my denyall with extreme unkindnesse. Such as are prickt with the bones of the Dolphin, heare musick, and they are presently healed of their malady: they which are envenomed with the Asper, rub the soze with Rubarb, and seale a remedy: & those which drinke Aconiton, are cured by Antibotes. But lones as like the sting of a Scorpion, it must be salued by affection: for neither charme, hearb, stone, nor mineral hath vertue to cure it: which made Apollo exclaime this passion.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicinalis herbis.

With the same distresse (sweet Mirimida) am I pained, who lighting by chance as Paris did in the vale of Ida upon Venus, but I feare me lesse curteous then Venus. I haue no golden apple (faire Simph) to present thee with, so to p:oue thee supreme of beauty: but the deuotion of my thoughts is offered humbly at thy seate, which shall euer confesse none so beauteous as Mirimida. Then as Venus for reward gaue Paris Helen, so curteous Simph be prodigall of thy fauours, and giue me thy heart, which shall be to me more deare then a hundred Helens.

But here perhaps thou wilt object, that mens pleas are like Painters Pensels which draw no substance but shadowes, that to the worst proportions giue the richest colours, and to the counterfeit pictures the finest glasses; that what we write is of course, and when we find passions, then are we least passionate, hauing so:rowfull pens when we haue secure hearts, and lozing looks when we haue laughing thoughts. I cannot deny (sweete Spiritus) but that hot lones are like a hauing blaze, and that men can promise more in a moment, then they will performe in a month. I know there was a Demophoon that deceived Phillis, an Aeneas that falsified his faith to Dido, a Theseus that forsooke his Ariadne: yet measure not all by some mens minds: of a few particular instances, conclude not generall oxymes: though some haue bin flouting, thinke not all to be false: try me, I referre your passions to my prooffe, and as you finde me loyall, so reward mee with lone. I craue no authentickall grant, but a superficiall fauor,

Greene's Neuer too late.

Day (Mirimida) that Radagon shall be welcoms if he be faithfull,
and then my hope shall comfort my heart. In which suspence I
rest consold at the barre of your curtelle. Farewell.

*Mirimidaes Radagon, though she will not
be Radagons Mirimida.*

This she read over twice and blisht at it, as feeling a little
beat, but straight she sighd, and thakt it from her heart, and had
said it by, but that turning over the next page, she espied certaine
verses, which was a Canon pend thus:

*Radagon in Dianam
Non inga Taurus amat: quæ tamen odit habet.*

It was a valley gawdy greene,
Where *Dian* at the fount was seene:

Greene it was,
And did passe

All other of *Dianæ* Bowers,
In the pride of *Floræ* flowers.
A fount it was that no Sunne sees,
Circled in with *Cypres* trees,
Set so nie,

As *Phæbus* eye
Could not doe the Virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.
She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight.

Virgins so
Ought to goe:
For white in Armorie is plac't,
To be the colour that is chaste.
Her raiſata Cassocke might you see,
Tucked vp about her knee,
Which all did shew

There below
Legs as white as Whales bone,
So white and chaste was neuer none.

The second part.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her Virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes hie,
Fie on *Venus* flattering eye.
Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid wickleffe, and a boy,
All her fires
And desires

Are plagues that God sent from on hie,
To pester men with miserie.
As thus the Virgins did disdain,
Louers ioy, and Louers paine;

Cupid nie
Did espie
Griewing at *Dianas* song,
Slily stole these maids among,
His bow of Steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eyes,

And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to heart.
Calisto straight supposed *Ioue*,
Was faire and frolicke for to loue.

Dian thee
Scap't not free,
For well I wot hereupon
She lou'd the swaine *Endymion*.
Clitia, *Phaebus*, and *Cloris* eye,
Thought none so faire as *Mercurie*:

Venus thus
Did discusse.
By her sonne in darts of fire,
None so chaste to checke desire.
Dian rose with all her maides,
Blushing thus at Loues braids,

With

Greenes Neuer too late.

With sighes all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging hence pronounce this Saw,
What so strong as Loues sweet law ?

Mirimida hauing read the Letter of Radagon, perceined that Ioue was in his eyes, and perhaps had slyly toucht his hart: but she that was chaire of her choice, and resolute not to setter her selfe with fancie, did passe ouer these passions, as men doe the shadowes of a Painters pensell, which while they biew, they praise, and when they haue passed, passe oner without any more remembrance: yet she could not but enter into the humorous reach of his conceit, how he checkt the coy disdaine of women in his Sonet: she blusht, and her thoughts went away with her blond, and so she lighted on the letter that Mullidor had sent her, which droue her into a pleasant vaine, The effects of his passions were these.

Mullidor the male-content, with his pen clapt full
of loue, to his Mistris *Mirimida*
greeting.

After my hearty commendations remembred, hoping you be in as good health, as I was at the making hereof. This is to certifie you, that loue may well be compared to a bottle of hay which once set on fire, will neuer be quenched: or to a cup full of strong ale, which when a man hath once tasted, he neuer leanes till he hath drunke it all vp: so Mistris Mirimida, after the furious flames of your eyes had set my poore heart vpon the coales of loue, I was so scorched on the gridiron of affection, that I had no rest til I was almost turned to a coale, and after I had tasted of the liquor of your sweet phisnomy, I neuer left snipping of your amiable countenance, till with loue I was almost ready to burst. Consider with your self, fair Shepheardesse, that poore men feele paine as well as Princes: that Mullidor is sicke of such a malady, as by no meanes may bee cured, vnlesse your selfe lay a scar-cloth to draw away my sorrowes: then be pittifull to me, lest you be counted disdainful, to put so trusty a louer
on

The second part.

out of his right wits : for theres no hoe , but either I must haue you, or, else for very plaine lone run mad. It may be (Mirimida) you thinke me too base for your beauty : why, when you haue married me, I am content to serue you as a man, and to doe all those indouours that belong to a seruant , and rather to hold you for my mistris, then my wife : then seeing you shall haue the soueraignty at my hands, which is a thing that all women desire, lone me, sweet Mirimida, & thinke this, if you match with me, old Calena my mother hath that in a clout, that will doe vs both good. Thus hoping you will ponder my passions in your minde , & be more courteous then to cast away a good man for lone, Farewel.

Yours halfe mad, because he would be
yours, Mullidor the malecontent.

Such a poetick fury tooke Mullidor in the braines , that he thought to shew his vaine in verse , and therefore annexed to his letter this pleasant Ditty.

Mullidors Madrigall.

Dildido, dildido,
Oh loue, oh loue,
I feele thy rage rumble below and about,

In sommer time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moy helas helas ;
Like to a ston'd horse was her pace:
Was euery young man so dismaid ?
Her eyes like waxe torches did make me afraid,
Trop belle pour moy, voila mon trespas.

Thy beautie (my lone) exceedeth supposes,
Thy haire is a nettle for the nicest roies,
Mon dieu aide moy
That I with the Primrose of my fresh wit,
May tumble her tyranny vnder my feete,
He dunque se fera un ieune roy.
Trop belle pour moy helas helas.
Trop belle pour moy, voila mon trespas.

Q

Mirimida

Greene's Neuer too late.

Mirimida having read this humorous fancy of Mullidor, began thus to meditate with her selfe. Listen not, fond trench, but to love, for if thou dost, thou learnest to loose, thou shalt find griefe to be thy gaine, and folly the pay-mistres that rewards all amorous travels. If thou wed thy selfe to Radagon, thou almost beyond thy reach: and looking higher then thy fortunes, thou wilt repent thy desires: for Mirimida, affects beyond compasse have oft times all effects, rich robes have not ever sweet consent, & therefore the meane is the merriest honour. What then, must Euryinachus of all these be the man that must make by the match? he is a shepheard and barboz quiet in his cottage, his wishes are not above his wealth, no; both his conceit climbe higher then his deserts. He hath sufficient to shroud thee from want and to maintaine the state of an honest life. Shepheards wrong not their wives with suspicion, no; do Country Swaines esteem lesse of their loves then higher degrees. But Mirimida, meane men haue frownes as well as Kings: the least haire hath his shadow, the Fly her spaine, the Ant her gall, and the poorest Peasant his choler. Peasants can wield a cudgel better then a great Lord, and dissention will haue a King amongst the meanest. If therefore marriage must haue her inconueniēce, better golden gyves then iron fetters. What saiest thou then to Mullidor? that he is Mullidor, and let that suffice to shake him off as a scale: for it were thy discredit to haue only a Woodcock to keepe the Wolfe from the doze. Why then meanest thou not to loue? No, fond lasse, if thou be wise: for what is sweeter then libertie? And what burthen heavier then the fist of a froward husband? Amongst many Scozptions thou lookest for one Cele: amongst a hedge full of nettles for one flower: amongst a thousand flatterers for one that is faithfull: and yet when thou hast him, thy thoughts are at his wil and thy actions are limited to his humors. Beware Mirimida, strike not at a scale, because it is painted, though honey be sweet, Waxes haue stings: there is no sweeter life then is chastity; for in that estate thou shalt liue commended and uncontrolld.

Upon this she put by the letters, and because she would not leade her Louers into a Labyrinth of hope, she appointed them all to meet her at the Shepolds on one day & at one houre, where the Wooers that stood upon thornes to heare their censure, met without

The second Part.

without faile: After salutes past betwene Mirimida and them, they began to parly with them thus.

Gentlemen, all rivals in loue, & aimers at one fortune, though you thus affect like desire to haue Mirimidaes fauor, yet but one of you can weare the flower, & perhaps none: for it is as my fancy censures: therefore are you content that I shal set down which of you. or whether none of you shall enioy the end of your suites: & who so is forsaken, to part hence with patience, & neuer moze to talke of his passions: to this they all agreed, & she made this answer. Why then, Radagon and Eurymachus, weare you the willow Garland, not that I hold either your degrees or deserts worthlesse of a fairer then Mirimida: but that the destinies do so appoint to my desires, that your affects cannot worke in me any effects. At this Radagon and Eurymachus frowned, not so much that they were forsaken, but that so beaustifull a Creature would wed her self to such a deformed asse as Mullidor: and the while, he simpered it, in hope to haue the wench. Now (quoth she) Mullidor may hope to be the man: but trust me, as I found him, I leaue him a dolt in his loue, and a foole in his fortunes. At this they laught, and he hung the head, and she left them all.

Radagon taking his Hatch to slie at the patridge: Eurymachus marching with his Shepheoke to the filds: Mullidor bying home to his mother to recount his mishaps, & Mirimida singing that there was no Goddess to Diana, no life to libertie, nor no loue to chastity.

Francesco, Isabel, and all the rest of the guests applauded this discourse of the pleasant host, and so that it was late in the night they all rose, and taking their leaue of Francesco, departed; he and his wife, bidding their Host goodnight, and so going to bed, where we leaue them to leade the rest of their liues in quiet.

Thus (quoth the Palmer) you haue heard the discovery of youth follies, and a true discourse of a Gentlemans fortunes. But now courteous Palmer, (quoth the Gentleman) it restes that we crane by your owne promise, the reason of poor pilgrimage to Venice. That (quoth the Palmer) is discourse in a word: for know sir, that inioyning my selfe to penance for the follies of my yonths passions, hauing liued in loue, and therefore reapt all my losse by lone: hearing that of all the Citties in Europe, Venice

Greene's Neuer too late.

hath most semblance of Venus vanities, I goe thither, not onely to see fashions, but to quip at follies, that I may draw others from that harme that hath brought me to this hazard.

The gentlewomen of Venice your neighbors, but unknowne to mee, haue more fauours in their faces, then vertue in their thoughts: & their beauties are more curious then their qualities be precious: raring more to be figured out with Helen, then to be famouised with Lucrece: they strine to make their faces gorgeous, but neuer seek to fit their mindes to their God, and coniet to haue more knowledge in loue then in religion: there eyes bewray their wantonnesse, not their modesty: and their looks are lures that reclaime not Watkes, but make them only baite at dead scales. As the Gentlewomen, so are the men, loose liuers, straight louers, such as hold their consciences in their purses, and their thoughts in their eyes, counting that houre ill spent that in fancy is not mispent. Because therfore this great City of Venice is holden Loues Paradise, thither doe I direct my Pilgrimage, that seeing their passions, I may, being a Palmer, win them to penance, by knowing the miseries that Venus mixeth with their momentary contents: if not, yet I shall carry home to my Countrymen salues to cure their sores: I shall see much, heare little, & by the insight into other mens extremes, returne more wary, meaning then to visite you, and make you piniue to all.

The hardfall Host hauing indurially vnderstood the pittifull report of the Palmer, giving truce to his passions with the teares he spent, and resolved to requite that thankfully which he had attended hardfollly, gaue this Catastrophe to his sad and sorrowfull discourse, Palmer, thou hast with the Kittrell soe shewed the storme ere it comes, painting out the shapes of loue, as lively as the grapes in Zeuxistables were pourtrayed cunningly: thou hast lent youth Eagles eyes to behold the Sun: Achilles sword to cut and recure, leauing those medicines to salve others, that hath lost thy selfe, and hauing burnt thy wings with the fire, by dallying too long wth the fire: thou hast bequeathed others a lesson with the Anicozne, to prevent popson by p^rescrues, before they taste with the lip. The onely request I make in requitall of my attention, is, that thou leane certaine admonitions on these walls, whercon whensoever I looke, I shall remember

Francescoes

The second part.

Francescoes follies, and thy foresight.

The Palmer esteeming the courteous reply of his host, and desirous to satisfie his request, drawing blood from the beine Cephalia, (on an arch of white Ivory, erected at the end of an Arbor adorned with Iouisuckles and Roses) he wrote thus with a pensell.

In greener yeeres, when as my greedy thoughts
Gan yeeld their homage to ambitious will,
My feeble wit that then preuailed noughts,
Perforce presented homage to his ill.

And I in follies bonds fulfilled with crime,
At last vnloosde, thus spide my losse of time.

As in his circular and ceaselesse ioy,
The yeere begins, and in it selfe returnes;
Refreshd by presence of the eye of day,
That sometimes nie, and sometimes far sojourns;
So loue in me (conspiring my decay)
With endlesse fire my heedlesse bosome burnes:
And from the end of my aspiring sinne;
My paths of error hourelly doth begin.

Aries.

When in the Ram the Sun renewes his beames,
Beholding mournfull earth arraid in griefe,
That waites reliefe from his refreshing gleames;
The tender flocks reioycing their reliefe,
Doe leape for ioy, and lap the siluer streames:
So at my prime when youth in me was chiefe,
All Heifer-like with wanton horne I plaid,
And by my will my wit to loue betrayde.

Taurus.

When *Phœbus* with *Entropas* bearer bides,
The Spring appeares, impatient of delayes,
The labourer to the fields his plow-swaines guides,
He sowes, he plants, he builds at all assaies
When prime of yeeres that many errors hides,
By fancies force did trace vngodly wayes,
I blindfold walkt, disdainig to behold,
That life doth yade, and young men must be old.

Q 3

Geminis

Greenes Nener too late.

Gemini.

When in the hold whereas the twinnes doe rest,
Proud *Phlegon* breathing fire doth last amaine,
The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is drest :
When I in pride of yeeres and pceuissh braine
Presum'd too farre, and made fond loue my guest,
With frosts of care my flowers were nipt amaine.
In height of weale who beares a carelesse hart,
Repents too late his ouer-foolish part.

Cancer.

When in *Æstiuall Cancers* gloomy bower
The greater glory of the heauens doth shine,
The aire is calme the birds at euery flower,
To tempt the heauens with harmony diuine.
When I was first inthrall to *Cupids* power,
In vaine I spent the May month of my time,
Singing for ioy to see me captiue thrall
To him whose gaines are grieve, whose comfort smal!

Leo.

When in the height of his Meridian walke,
The Lyons hold contains the eye of day,
The ryping corne growes yellow in the stalke,
When strength of yeeres did blesse me euery way,
Maskt with delights of folly was my talke.
Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay :
In lust I sowed, my fruite was losse of time,
My hopes are proud, and yet my body slime,

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort sleepest,
Bating the furie of his burning eyes,
Both corne and fruits are firmid, and comfort creepes
On euery plant and flowre that springing rise:
When age at last his chiefe dominion keepes,
And leades me on to see my vanities,
What loue and flant foresight did make me sow
In youthfull yeers is ripened now in woe.

The second part.

Libra.

When in the ballance *Daphnes* Lemman blins;
The Plough-man gathereth fruit for passed paine,
When I at last considered of my finnes,
And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine,
I cast my count, and reason now bigins
To guide mine eies with iudgement, bought with paine,
Which weeping with a better way to finde,
Or else for euer to the world be blind.

Scorpio.

When with the Scorpion proud *Apollo* plaies,
The wines are trod, and carried to their presse,
The woods are feld 'gainst winters sharpe affaires.
When grauer yecres my iudgement did addresse,
I gan repaire my ruines and decays,
Exchanging will to wit and soothfastnesse,
Claiming from Time and Age no good but this,
To see my sinne, and sorrow for my misse.

Sagittarius.

When as the Archer in his winter hold,
The *Delian* Harper tunes his wonted loue,
The ploughman sowes and tills his laboured mold:
When with aduice and iudgement I approue,
How loue in youth hath griefe for gladness sold,
The feedes of shame I from my heart remoue,
And in their steads I set downe plants of grice,
And with repent bewaile my youthfull race.

Capricornus.

When he that in *Eurotas* siluer glide
Doth baine his tresse, beholdeth *Capricorne*,
The day growes short: then hastes the winters tide,
The Sun with sparing lights doth seeme to mourne
Gray in the Greene, the flowers their beauty hide:
When as I see that I to death was borne,
My strength decayd, my graue already drest,
I count my life my losse, my death my best.

Aquarius.

Greenes Neuer too late.

Aquarius.

When with *Aquarius Phæbe's* brothers sates,
Cold frost and snowes the pride of earth beates:
When age my head with hoarie haire doth fill,
Reason lyes downe; and bids me count my daies,
And pray for peace. and blame my froward will
In deapth of griefe in this distresse I crie
Peccavi, Domine miserere mei,

Pisces.

When in the Fishes mansion *Phæbus* dwels,
The dayes renew the earth regaimes his rest:
When old in yeeres my want my death foretels
My thoughts and prayers to heauen are whole address.
Repentance, youth by folly quite expels:
I long to be dissolued for my best:
That young in zeale, beaten with my rod,
I may grow old to wisdom, and to God,

The Palmer had no sooner finished his circle, but the Host o-
uer-read his conceit, and wondering at the excellency of his wit,
from his experience began to sucke much wisdom, and being
very loth to detain his guest too long: after they had broken
their fast, and the good man of the house courteously had given him
thanks for his favour, the Palmer set forth towards Ve-
nice: what there he did, or how he lived, when I am advertised
(good Gentlemen) I will send you tidings. Meane while, let
every one learne (by *Franciscoes* fall) to beware, lest at last (too
late) they be enforced to bewaile.

FINIS.